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OF WOFFORD COLLEGE

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The Road Trip

On a cold November evening Bo Stevens was getting ready to eat supper when Jud Carrick, his best friend, called him on the telephone. Jud was talking pretty fast and sounded upset.

"Bo, I'm at the Bowling Alley," Jud said. "You've got to come over here right away."

"What's the matter, Jud? I'm just getting ready to eat."

"I can't tell you on the phone, Bo. Just get over here fast."

"Have you been in another fight, Jud?"

"Hell no! If you don't want to come just say——."

"All right, I'll be there as soon as I can. Don't leave until I get there."

Bo told his mother that he was going to give Jud a ride back from the Bowling Alley and that he would be right back. He grabbed his coat and got his car keys off the mantle above the fireplace. Bo's car was an old 1950 Pontiac that was in good shape. He was very proud of it, but everyone took advantage of the fact that he owned a car.

"Bo, when are you going to eat?" his mother asked. "You're always running somebody around. I can't stay in the kitchen all night. Please hurry back."

"I will, Mom. This won't take but a second. You know how Jud gets stuck at places."

Bo ran out the door, jumped into his car, and drove for the Bowling Alley. He kept thinking about how Jud sounded on the telephone. This didn't seem like an ordinary incident to Bo. When Bo arrived at the Bowling Alley, Jud was standing in the parking lot with Jeff

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THE ROAD TRIP—

(Continued from Page One)

Franklin and Billy Peterson.

"What's up, Jud? It better be pretty good. We're having steak to-night."

"We're leaving, Bo," Jud said. "I just had a fight with my father and my brother. My brother accused me of stealing some money and I hit him. I lost my head and even called my old man a son-of-a-bitch. Marrianne called me up tonight too and started giving me a hard time. I'm ready to leave. I can't take much more of this. I'm sick of school and everything else."

"You're just mad. Everything will turn out fine. It can't be that bad."

"Don't try to make me feel good, Bo. I'm leaving. You said that's what you were going to do last week. You tried to get me to leave with you. I said I would, but you chickened out. You ain't gonna chicken out again, are you?"

"I didn't chicken out, Jud. You're the one who said to let things blow over."

"I want you to go, Bo. We can go in your car. I've got it all planned out. What ya say?"

"I'll run you guys over to Jeff's house and come over later. I've got to eat. I told my mother I'd be right back."

"All right, Bo, you do that. You better make it fast, though."

Bo took them over to Jeff Franklin's house and went back home. His mother was still in the kitchen when he walked in.

"It's about time, young man. Your supper is probably cold now. Where have you been so long?"

"I told you I had to run Jud home. I stayed over at his house for a while."

"Jud makes you do too much for him, Bo. I think you're crazy," his mother said.

Bo picked over his cold supper and left the table. All of a sudden he wasn't so hungry. He walked out the front door and forget to tell his mother where he was going.

When he arrived at Jeff's house, the guys were sitting in the den watching television.

"That was pretty fast," Jud said.

"I wasn't too hungry. Let's get to your plans, Jud."

"Does that mean you're gonna go, Bo?"

"I reckon so, Jud. I'm kinda fed up with everything too, but I want to hear how you are planning to get away first."

"I knew we could count on you, Bo. They won't even be able to find us. Tonight me and Jeff are going to get a room at the Elwood Hotel. You and Billy go back home and act natural. Don't tell a soul anything. We're going to leave about five o'clock in the morning. Since Billy lives next door to you, it won't be any problem to pick him up. He can come right over and get in the car. Be sure you don't wake anybody up when you leave. Get all the money you can too. We're going to need all we can get.

"You're just scared, Bo. Everything will go fine if you're careful. Run me and Jeff up to the hotel now. You and Billy can go back home after that and get a good night's sleep. Are you in, Bo?"

"I guess I am, Jud. I just hope everything works."

"It will, Bo. We'll be waiting for you."

Bo drove the two up to the Elwood and they checked in. He and Billy left and drove back home without saying a word. The night was cold and both the boys were thinking about the next day.

When Bo got home, he told his mother that he was going upstairs to do his homework and go to bed. He didn't do any studying, but went straight to bed. He couldn't sleep at all thinking about the next day. Everything that had happened that night went through his head. How could he have been so stupid, he thought? He thought about how his mother was going to take it. He wondered what the school would do if he were caught. Things seemed so twisted to him, but it was too late now. He had made a decision and it was put up or shut up. He wondered if the experience might be good and tried to rationalize everything. He fell asleep without really wanting to.

When four o'clock came, Bo was up and packed. He walked quietly out of the house and went next door to Billy's house. Billy was waiting out front and was ready to go. They got in the car and drove quietly to the Elwood.

When they got to the hotel, Jud and Jeff were still asleep. Bo had to wake them up. "I thought you were going to be ready at five," Bo exclaimed.

"Be patient," Jud said. "It won't take but a minute to get dressed. Did everything go all right?"

"Yea, everything went fine. I just thought of where we could go too, Jud."

"Where's that, Bo?"

"Do you remember that girl I met last summer at the beach? Debby Sampoon was her name. She's got a cottage down at Surf City, and it's not occupied during the winter. I'll bet we could stay in that for a while.

"That's a damn good idea, Bo. Let's just hope she lets us use it."

When everyone was dressed, the four boys walked very calmly to the car. Everyone seemed in good spirits this morning. Maybe it was because they were so scared.

The night was soon changed into day by the bright sun rising slowly in the east. A lone car was traveling swiftly down the highway going south.

Three of the four boys were fast asleep in the car. The other boy was pushing the old car as fast as it would go. There was an empty expression on the boy's face and his thoughts were varied. Bo started to wonder if he should go back. He couldn't do that now. It was too late. He must go on.

At about nine o'clock the car pulled into a small town and stopped at a grubby little restaurant. The boys were awake now and very hungry.

"Let's get something to eat," Bo said. "I'm pretty hungry."

"That's a good idea," yawned Jud. "This place doesn't look too good to me. Why did you stop here?"

"We ain't got a lot of money, Jud. We have to eat what we can afford."

After the boys ate, they walked around and Jud got the idea to go into

a pool hall. As they walked in, five nicely dressed niggers looked up.

"This place don't look too good," Bo said.

"Take it easy, Bo. Maybe we can win some money shooting pool."

"Those guys look like hustlers to me, Jud. I'd watch out if I was you."

Jud paid no attention to Bo and got in a game with one of the black boys. The nigger was a hustler all right, and Jud soon lost more money than the boys had.

"Pay up," the nigger said.

"Here's ten dollars," Jud stammered.

"That ain't all. You owe me five more."

"That's all I got in cash. I'll give you a sweater on top of it."

"Let me see the sweater. I don't know if I can do that."

Jud ran out to the car and got a yellow sweater and brought it back.

"It looks all right," the black boy said. "How come you kept on playing when you were broke?"

"I thought I could beat you," Jud exclaimed. "We needed the money."

At that time another colored fellow yelled at Jud. "Play for your shoes, white boy." Everybody laughed.

That night the boys slept in the car. They had to stay in the small town, because they had no money for gas. Bo was the only one who wasn't sleeping. He sat up in the driver's seat looking at the stars. He had had it. The incident at the pool room had been the straw that broke the camel's back. He thought about home and about how stupid and immature he had been. Things hadn't gone like he imagined they would. Bo quietly got out of the car and walked over to the police station. He didn't bother to wake the other boys up and didn't care what they would think. He told the officer at the desk what had happened and asked him if he would get in touch with his parents. The officer smiled and picked up the phone.

In about five hours Bo's father was at the police station, and he was rather upset. Bo and the other boys didn't try to explain a thing to him. He gave Bo gas money to get back and carried the other three back in his car.

The next day the boys were sent to the principal of the high school's office and were suspended for three days. As Bo left the office, he walked out into the cold November air alone. Things seemed worse to him now than berore he had run away, but this time he was going to face his problem. He saw that running away was no good; because once you start running, it's hard to stop. When you start running and stop, your problems are worse; therefore, you have to run all your life . . . . Bo walked with his head raised high. He was happy. ●

—Hunter C. Quick

LAUGHTER

Life's stage, where Laughter comes to sport her fine
Array, is sometimes visited by Pain,
Who comes to flout her long ancestral line
And prove old, happy Laughter's acts inane.
Pain comes not in a brave and wholesome way,
But rather creeping—rather crawling—comes
And tries to ruin Laughter's happy day;
And with her evil poison she would numb
Dear Laughter, offspring of the brightest sun,
And snatch her golden crown from off her head.
She'd strip off Laughter's garments one by one.
And then beat Laughter, leaving her for dead.
But Laughter's safety rests with God above,
For Laughter is the purest form of love.

—D. F.

As I Knew Them

*Editor's comment: This sketch is the first in a series of four sketches contributed to THE JOURNAL by Professor Coates.

In 1928, when I first came to Wofford as a young English instructor, he was already a little deaf and a little blind, but he was still teaching mathematics and astronomy, as he had been since 1899. He was tall and always carried a cane, not as an aid but as a badge, for he was ramrod straight and walked with the briskness of a much younger man.

As a man and as a teacher he had two priceless assets.

One of them was a sense of humor—about the world, about students, and about himself. The stories which are told that show this humor are legion. Let me tell three or four.

Someone once asked him, "Dr. Clinkscales, how did you get your honorary degree?"

"Well," he said, "they take a sack of corn meal, give it to the pilot of one of these crop duster aeroplanes on a windy day, and tell him to dump it out when he gets as high as he can go. When a speck of meal falls on a man, they give him an honorary degree. That's how I got mine."

When he began to get rather deaf and a little blind, some students used to wait till the roll was called. Then they would slip out of their seats, crawl on their hands and knees down the aisle to the back of the room where the exit door was and so leave class. One of these told me this story: "I was at the door when I felt a firm hand on my shirt collar and heard a voice say, 'Get up, boy, and go back to your seat. I know I'm blind and deaf, but not that blind. Next time, crawl on your belly and don't scrape your feet so much!' "

In his later years particularly he thought developing character was a good deal more important than teaching college algebra. One well-known story illustrates this belief. A student had spent four years failing freshman mathematics—and it was near graduation time. But he had begun to form qualities of character that were to carry him on to an earned doctorate in English at a great university and a professorship in a college of *his* choosing where thousands have called him blessed. "Old Clink," as students called him—behind his back, and as he often called himself to their faces, recognized these qualities in the young man, called him to his home on the Wofford campus (where Dean Logan now lives), and said, "Milton, raise your right hand and repeat after me, 'I, Milton_____, do solemnly swear and affirm that if I graduate from Wofford I will never teach mathematics on any level; that if I am lucky enough to find a girl that is fool enough to marry me, I will never argue with her about arithmetic; and that, finally, if I am fortunate enough to have a child and she grows to be old enough to enter the first grade and comes to me and says, "Daddy, how much is one and one?" I will say to her, "I don't know, daughter; go ask your mama." ' "

He used to say about students, "He can't split the wood," or, "He can split the wood, but won't." There is a story about the latter type that his son Lloyd told me. "I was sitting on the porch with Papa," Lloyd said, "When we saw a big black Cadillac drive up. A liveried chauffeur opened the door of the car, and a big man with a top hat and a gold cane got out and walked up to the porch. When he got to the steps, he said, 'Dr. Clinkscales, you don't remember me, but I was a student in your math class twenty years ago, and I've come by to thank you for something you did for me. About November of my freshman year you wrote my father and told him that I wasn't interested in college, that all I was interested in was making money, and that he ought to let me start doing what I wanted to do. Well, Father took your advice. I've made my million and that's what I want to thank you about.' "

"Papa just laughed, and said, 'Well, boy, you must have learned how to add anyway.' "

The other priceless asset was his understanding of and love for young people. In a way, the stories I have already told illustrate this. Let me tell two more of a more serious kind.

In 1912, according to Wallace's history of Wofford, the successful candidate for governor ran on a campaign of opposition to compulsory education and compulsory health examinations for children entering school, even offering to pardon, if elected governor, any father who killed a doctor for certifying that his daughter was impure. Dr. Clinkscales told a young newspaper editor that if in 1914 no

candidate came out for compulsory education, he would do so. In 1914, the young editor reminded Dr. Clinkscales of his vow. He announced his candidacy, stumped the state on a compulsory education platform, and came in third in a field of ten. Though he did not win, he broke the back of fear and prejudge against requiring education for little childreen in South Carolina. In 1915, the Legislature gave individual school districts permission to vote for compulscory education.

In his latter years he was sick a great deal. During one of his spells of sickness it was thought that he would die, but he lived to teach a while longer. One day shortly after his recovery he asked to say a few words to the student body in chapel. As one listener told it to me, it went something like this: "Boys, I got to the river a few weeks ago and started across, but somebody on the other side waved me back and said, 'Go back, Old Clink! go back! we're not ready for you yet. There may be two or three more Wofford students you can help.' "

A few may have been embarrassed by the story, but those who understood the depth of his sincerity and his love were not.

Let me close with a story that I heard at an alumni banquet. It was told by a prominent older minister of the Conference. It went something like this: "When I was a student at Wofford and Dr. Clinkscales was comparatively young, two of us saw him walking along the path from the Main Building to his home. It was dark. We were some distance behind him and I said, 'Let's bump him.' And so we ran at full speed and hit him a glancing blow with our shoulders, meaning merely to knock him off balance a little and surprise him. We had forgotten that there was a wire strung between posts about knee high beside the walk. When we hit him, he fell against the wire and toppled over and fell sprawling. All he said to us, as we ran on was, 'Boys, you hit me a whale of a lick!' " ●

—Professor K. D. Coates

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Humanity

A wench from the street, what else could
she be?
As she lies at my feet, too quiet it seems,
For a person alive.
Her skin so much darker, must bear it in pain,
Her hair shining the blacker as I took her
from the rain.
What mission so important, what errand
could it be,
To make her walk thru such a night
Eventually to me.
All this I'll find out when she wakes,
Although I fail to see the difference it makes.
She served my purpose simply to be fed,
And why bother with the destiny of a dark-
skinned wretch?
She still doesn't move, I wonder if she's dead.

—BUREN MARTIN

I. Q.

A child
sits in a heated room
staring at a broken television.

As we see him our hearts are warm—
But his is cold—
as is his life.
We reach out in compassion—
then glance at our watches—
then leave.

Again his life is left as it was—
when news came to parents:
"I'm sorry, he's not exactly right."

A child—
sits in physical bliss—
with a mental hell—
not for him, but for us—
who can give rebirth—
but do not.

—BILL BURK*

*Editor's comment: Bill Burk graduated from Wofford last year. For those of you who do not know him, he was a *football player* who also wrote poetry.

America's First Popularizer Of Nature

The most important characteristic of Henry Thoreau was his individualism[1] plus the courage to express it as he saw fit. He explained his philosophy of life thusly:

> I learned this . . . that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined; he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours.[2]

Thoreau was also a strict adherer to his own philosophy. He didn't want to spend his entire life grueling around for what society calls the finer things in life. Thus,

> There is no glory so bright but the veil of business can hide it effectually. With most men life is postponed to some trivial business, and so therefore is heaven.[3]

So, Thoreau, spying his dream, headed for the woods and nature, where he hoped to find life at its simplest terms and to find out exactly what it was built of. Thoreau explained his purpose as:

> I went into the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived . . . I wanted . . . to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the whole world; or if were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion.[4]

It is important to note that Thoreau was not running away, as a hermit does, but instead he was going forward in his own individual manner to find out what life actually was without its frivolities or its oftentimes needless necessities. Thoreau always prided himself on the fact that he could live a whole year on just six weeks of work, thus having the rest of the year to himself.[5]

Fortunately for mankind, part of Thoreau's purpose, also unlike a hermit, was his decision to write about his great experiment for the improvement and knowledge of mankind.

Always an individualist, Thoreau declined to join Brook Farm,[6] where he would have been bounded to others' ideas, but conducted his own experiment. Thoreau followed his inclinations and dreams in an attempt to interpret life in a manner no one had ever attempted before.[7]

One of the results, as we shall see, of Thoreau's experiment in living was to launch the spirit of forest conservation, which allows the Americans of today and of the future, the chance to see life as Thoreau saw it, if only for a weekend. This experiment consisted of a two-pronged attack. One was scientifically practical and the other that of a poet-philosopher.

Thoreau was a man of science. He recorded many observations on plants and flowers in his journal. He also learned a great deal about ecology,[8] the relation of organisms to their environment,[9] and the succession of forests, most of which he discovered himself. He learned what made forests grow, seedlings, and attempted to apply this knowledge to the woody Concord area in which he lived.[10]

A good prophet and one of the early conservationists who lived in a time of destroyers, not of preservers, Thoreau correctly foresaw both the danger of America's forests.

> We are so accustomed to see another forest spring up immediately as a matter of course, whether from the stump or from seed, when a forest is cut down, never troubling about succession, that we hardly asasociate the seed with the tree, and do not anticipate the time when this regular succession will cease and we shall be obliged to plant, as they do in all old countries.[11]

and the inevitable fight between conservationists and commercial owners:[12]

> The history of the wood-lot is often, if not commonly, here, a history of cross purposes,——steady and consistent endeavor on the part of Nature, or interference and blundering with a glimmering of intelligence at the eleventh hour on the part of the proprietor. The proprietor of a wood-lot commonly treats Nature as an Irishman does a horse,——by standing in front of him and beating him in the face all the way across a field.[13]

Hindsight enables us to observe that Thoreau's words have certainly been proven true and it might have been worse without Thoreau.

Despite his scientific inclination, Thoreau, as Henry Beston commented, "was not a naturalist. What interested him and stirred him most deeply were the principles governing the individual life."[14] It is with such a view that Thoreau approached nature as a poet-philosopher.[15]

Contrary to popular belief, as Fanny Eckstorm claims, Thoreau was not a true woodsman. He knew little of woodcraft since most of his knowledge of nature was a biological sense. This fact becomes clear in *The Maine Woods,* written by Thoreau. The guide for Thoreau's party in Maine, Polis, "thought little of their woodcraft." Thoreau, himself, admitted that he could not care for himself in the woods.[16]

In reality, Thoreau was not a true woodsman, but only a successful "amateur."[17] Thoreau never actually lived in the wilderness and, as mentioned above, showed many faults when he did venture into the wilderness of Maine. Thus, someone said (no author) in describing the Maine incident, "In short, the poet should live in Concord, and only once in a while seek the inspirations of the outer wilderness."[18]

But Thoreau did not need the wilderness, but only nature, which the Concord area sufficiently abounded in. His purpose was not to revert to a savage state, but only to live in nature away from society where he could face life face to face.

As Bradford Torrey stated, "He was to be a writer (Thoreau's view of nature is often described as that of a poet, although he wrote no important poetry, because of his acute power of observation and many poetic phrases in his prose), and nature was not his playground, but his study, his Bible, his closet, his means of grace."[19]

Therefore, Thoreau sought out Nature, and embraced Her, as the refreshment, hope, encouragement, and inspiration of his soul and mind.[20]

In his life of solitude, as far as society was concerned, Thoreau ventured into its affairs only once during his lifetime. Thoreau was a philosophic rebel against the government and slavery. During his life, he refused to pay Federal, state, and parish church taxes. Deep inside him, perhaps his strongest conviction, was a tremendous hatred of slavery of any type. This makes sense when you examine his own life where he freed himself from the slavery of the everyday world to enjoy nature.

Obviously, this same strain caused him to be one of the first to publicly support John Brown.[21]

As early as 1846 Thoreau foresaw the cause and the result of the Civil War:

> I know this well, that if one thousand, if one hundred, if ten men whom I could name,——if ten honest men only,——ay, if one honest man, ceasing to hold slaves, were actually to withdraw from this copartnership, and be locked up in the county jail therefore, it would be the abolition of slavery in America. Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison.[22]

Later, when the John Brown episode at Harpers Ferry occurred, people recognized the wisdom of Thoreau's words. John Brown sparked the abolition of slavery in America.[23]

One of the many sacrifices that Thoreau made in order to carry out his experiment was that of primary friendships. Thoreau had no real friends, but only acquaintances. He put his experiment and his convictions above any ties of friendship.

One example of this singular devotion occurred when Thoreau was in jail for refusing to pay a poll tax for the right to vote, which he thought should be free. It is said that when his friend Emerson came to the cell and said, "Henry, why are you here?" the reply was, "Why are you not here?"[24]

The second example shows how far his individualism and devotion to his experiment were carried into eccentricity. When some friends invited him to take a walk with them, Thoreau replied that his walks were so important (he did his thinking and composing then) to him that he had none to waste on company. Here his individualism almost dictates to him to enter the woods alone rather than with others. As Hamilton Mabie put it, "He is the American in detachment as Whitman was the American in a crowd.[25]

There have been greater woodsmen, scientists, and writers in history than Thoreau, but none could combine all three, ply them with the tools of acute observation and interpretation, and communicate themselves to the world as well as Thoreau did. Therein lies his greatness and claim to immortality. As Fanny Eckstorm said, "He had the art to see the human values of natural objects, to perceive the ideal elements of unreasoning nature and the service of those ideals to the soul of man."[26]

Thus, Thoreau, a sometimes woodsman, scientist, and writer, following a dream of a great experiment in living, and using his highly developed powers of observation and interpretation, opened up the joys of outdoor recreation in the woods to, even in those times, city-weary Americans by the extent of his own personal life. He rekindled the love of the woods, not so much by his writings, but by his example and his experiment, and started the thoughts of many towards presreving a wilderness for Americans to enjoy forever.

In his day there were some farsighted individuals who saw the need for conservation, but Thoreau was one of the

earliest and probably the most important man to popularize the love and need of Americans for the woods, and, thus, a more urgent need for the conservation of our natural resources.

Henry Thoreau died at the age of forty-four of tuberculosis and, thus, did not know the outcome of his great experiment, but historians, scholars, conservationists, and all Americans would say that it was a tremendous success. ●

FOOTNOTES

[1] Hamilton W. Mabie, "Thoreau, A Prophet Of Nature," *Outlook*, 84 (June 3, 1905), 278-282.

[2] Winfield Townley Scott, "Walden Pond In The Nuclear Age," *New York Times Magazine*, (May 6, 1962), 34-35.

[3] Ibid, p. 35.

[4] Edith Wyatt, "Two Woodsmen," *North American*, 204 (September, 1916), 426-433.

[5] Mabie, "Thoreau, A Prophet Of Nature."

[6] Fanny H. Eckstorm, *Atlantic Monthly*, 102 (August, 1908), 242.

[7] Bradford Torrey, "Thoreau's Attitude Towards Nature," *Atlantic Monthly*, 84 (November, 1899), 706-710.

[8] Phillip and Kathryn Whitford, "Thoreau, Pioneer Ecologist And Conservationist," *Science Monthly*, 73 (November, 1951), 291-296.

[9] *Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary*, (Springfield, Massachusetts: G. & C. Merriam Company, 1963) p. 262.

[10] Whitford, "Thoreau, Pioneer Ecologist And Conservationist."

[11] Ibid.

[12] Ibid.

[13] Ibid.

[14] Scott, "Walden Pond In The Nuclear Age," p. 35.

[15] Ibid.

[16] Eckstorm, *Atlantic Monthly*, p. 242.

[17] Ibid.

[18] Torrey, "Thoreau's Attitude Towards Nature."

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[20] Mabie, "Thoreau, A Prophet Of Nature."

[21] F. B. Sanborn, edited by Charles Dudley Warner, *"American Men Of Letters—Thoreau* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, And Company, 1882).

[22] Henry D. Thoreau, "Civil Disobedience," quote contained in F. B. Sanborn, *American Men Of Letters—Thoreau.*

[23] F. B. Sanborn, *American Men Of Letters—Thoreau.*

[24] Ibid.

[25] Mabie, "Thoreau, A Prophet Of Nature."

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Poems From...

Editor's Note: No Wofford student who submitted anything was given a rejection slip. The following poems, though, are not just fillers. They are all, I feel, very good poems; and they help us to see how we, student writers at Wofford, compare with some other student writers.

Finale

I can think again now—
in the dull beat of long evenings
when visions of the flesh and
painted dreams have
all subsided—
Something like a vacuum in the mind,
something that lingers when the tangible dissolves:
(Oh, sometimes I regret
that I couldn't have written a
better ending,
as clean as the first smile—
but time has its own way
of making the consequences
ineffectual.)
Often I can see your face in sheer memory
the clear, incredible eyes,
our voices jammed with
unnecessary words—
Time removes it all,
removes the joys and imperfections,
all but the sometimes void of early hours—
not love,
but a kind of
need for laughter.

—GARLAND G. GOODEN
Clemson University

Prayer

Hail, Mary,
(says I
sweeping dreams up off the floor
tossing the bigger pieces
out the window)
fullofgrace

Hail, pray,
(skipping along the sidewalk
of a Mondayne afternoon
shooting marvels)

Holy Mother
send me some love
as I lay me down to envision
some warm honey's torso
soft as new snow
on rabbit's fur

and
(be sure to)
pray
for us humans
right now
in our walkie-talkie world
even as we listen to the radio
and watch old men being frigtened
by dying
please

A-men.

—GARLAND G. GOODEN

The Rebel

He talked, without ending, and tried
to trap me into thinking
that
he believed what he was saying
in those mighty tones.
"I've been pavement for far too long.
I'll transform into a shoe,
and
walk on all the eyebrows that once
were raised over me.
"I'll be the gun and they the target
the next time around. You'll see."
On
he talked and talked, to try and make
himself believe it.
He searched for pity, in my eyes,
found more than understanding.
He
felt I knew it was tantamount to hopeless,
this dream of being free.
We were more than brothers, and shared,
as always, our fatal love.
He
forgot, for the moment, his twisted desires,
and kissed me hard,
as always.

—GARY LIGI
Clemson University

No One To Anybody

He spread himself against the darkness,
        feeling the heat of a thousand comrades
        exploding within and without him,
flashing, flaring, consuming,
        burning through his punctured, moss-eaten body
He felt the sky turn suddenly red,
Its fiery wind licking at him, on him,
While the earth sickened, spewing herself
In clumps, laying in twitching heaps upon
Her scars. He watched the world decay
Around him; nowhere became anywhere
        he could go.

Within the darkness he sought coolness,
        beneath the blazing sky, as the clouds
        glowed blood, the wind blaring sounds
        of battered bugles; the air, reeking with compost
        dissolving, shed its dust
        over him. He prayed go underground,
Enter his heaving earth. He forced himself
Upon her, moulding to her in spasms, trying
To know his resisting, stammering mother.
Gasping, screaming, pleading to her,
Wishing to claw inside,
        hide within the safety of coolness,
                be covered against the dark.

The clouds erupted again, again, again,
        spilling their fiery winds across a warped plane,
        becoming liquid and flashing
                liquid and flashing
There, in the midst of nothing,
        between anywhere and never,
        no one became any
                body.

—GARY LIGI

War

and wasted

years

and life

and grief

Too deep for tears

—JOAN CASHION
Newberry College

Night Rain On The City

God playing "Chopsticks" on brick and tile,
Lightning flashes a crooked smile,
And the misty rains fall all the while.
Night rain on the city.

Balconies dripping while gutters sing,
Raindrops shimmer where they cling,
And the damp seeps into everything.
Night rain on the city.

Stars peeping dimly through tattered skys,
Fog steps in and clarity dies,
Street-lights dim their thousand eyes.
Night rain on the city.

Windows cloudy with damp and steam,
Wheels splash gaily in asphalt streams
As the fog wraps it up in a misty dream.
Night rain on the city.

—JOAN CASHION

To A Norwegian Lady

Those few hours of joy she chose to give
I relished until they were too weak to taste.
She had played so well the bursting flower,
Animated vegetation in
Bright, delightful human form. I was
Almost living---almost in the gear
She ran on when, like day, she made it stop.
Where were the green hours she teased and flirted with?
Etherized and slodered to her shadow,
Had I dreamed and watched her through a tinted
Glass while sunlight teased my ripe imagination?
Or should I treat her as an apparition
And say she never lived at all---my fancy
Fed by one glass of gin and soda lime
Sipped slowly while I watched her crystallize
Beyond ice and halfway cross a room.
In truth, I shall say she was the tour
That slowly brought me back to Washington
At cherry blossom time. But what does it count?
What will it matter to the drowning day
Next year, when on the Carolina coast
I am walking on a white beach,
Numbed and sleepless, waiting for her . . .

—JOHN T. NICHOLS, JR.
Medical College of South Carolina

LOTUS - LOST

Now strike my broken brow again
And see the crimson life pour out in pain
Too great and deep to feel the Master's touch,
'Tis not to love in vain but love too much
That makes the humble man the lotus mad—
And freer souls would sing of sympathy.

O wanton search for final sweet surcease;
To grant my soul a breath of ecstacy
To all infinity can proffer me—
How sad that light should fade 'ere I can see
The dawn of promised total recompense—
In awe I should have seen and cheered it all.

My blood has washed the bosom of the earth;
The hand that vainly spilled it there, my birth
Into oblivion shall see and know,
And marvel to have beaten such a foe
Who fought without the fury, force, and fire
Of humble men—but like the lotus mad.

—JOHN T. NICHOLS, JR.

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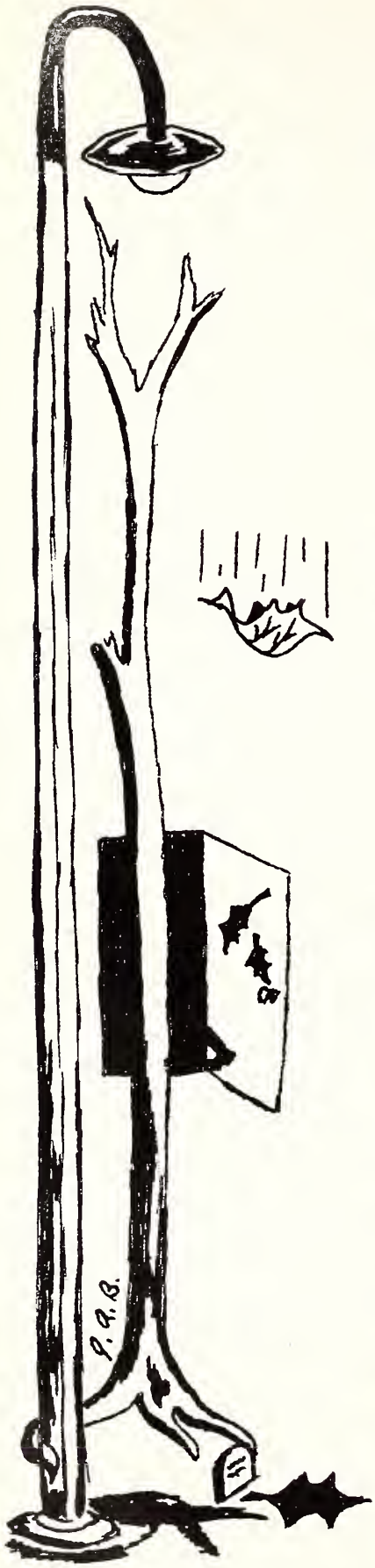

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Starlight and streetlight and trees:
A chilly autumn evening.
Thin branches---
reaching!
imploring!
The crunching sound fallen dry leaves make
When they're stepped on.
And shadow-leaf patterns on the door.
Austere trees like years that have passed.

Shadows everywhere--dry, brittle shadows--
Lie black in the dark grass and on the door.
Night shadows are always deep---
One gets lost in them
As he hesitates on a porch
Woven into other shadows
Returning from a walk
Lost in remembering other autumns
When--like this one--going back indoors.

—HERB KITSON

An Unpreached Preachable Sermon On The Livingness Of God

*Editor's comment: "An Unpreached Preachable Sermon . . ." is an attempt to express something of the essence of Hegel's philosophy of religion. The Wofford symposium on "Hegel and the Philosophy of Religion," of which Dr. Christensen is in charge of program arrangement, will be held in Leonard Auditorium, Wofford campus, November 28-30.

When Moses received a call to go down to Egypt to bring the children of his forebearers out of captivity, it is reported that he made a number of excuses why he could not go. Among these excuses was the one expressed by the question, "Who shall I say has sent me?" I would like to reflect with you on this question asked by Moses and upon the answer to the question given in our text, "I Am" or Yahweh, hath sent you.

According to one of the two literary sources combined to make this story, this is the first occurrence of the use of this name for God. I want to say something about this new name for God, but let me first say this.

We in America, this melting pot of nations in which most names are mere sounds dignifying some objects or persons, are especially apt to forget the descriptive import of names. On this account, we may be prompted to inquire why the question arose. Is it not clear from the story that the God of his Fathers, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, had called Moses? Why could it not be assumed that God known by this same name should be reported as the one who sent him?

There are at least six names for deity that attain some prominence in the Bible, all of which we translate "God." The various meanings of these terms and others blend in our use of the term "God," and perhaps we signify other meanings as well.

There is a notion that is popular today that it doesn't matter what you believe as long as you believe in God. What the notion conceals is that the word "God" is just a word, and that it has become common and profane. We might profitably recall that with the reestablishment of temple worship at Jerusalem in the late sixth century the name of Yahweh was held so sacred that it might be spoken only once a year and then only by the priest.

What commonly passes for profanity is not the most destructive form. At least this is a very sincere prayer if it is addressed to a small God. The more covert form of profanity is the use of the term God without meaning or serious intention as it is so often used in Church. The danger of the commonness of the use of the word God is twofold. The word comes to mean everything, and hence nothing certain. In the second place, we come to know what it means, that its meaning has been altogether unfolded. We thus deny the livingness of God.

Names must undergo changes of meaning or new names given as the understanding penetrates to the deeper meaning and significance of what they stand for. The word "atom" once signified, "the uncutable," that which cannot be further divided. No one would argue that because the etymology of the word yields this meaning, that therefore the atom has not been broken. The divine name is not exempt from this process.

I.

It was the old God, The God of his Fathers, who called Moses to deliever his people. The notion of God with which he had grown up was sufficient to confront him with the fact that all was not as it should be. An abstract idea of

God—the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—was enough to burden him with the futility of the struggle of his people and to make him into a pessimist with respect to that struuggle.

The price of holding ideals perhaps always involves at least a kind of pessimism, for what good is an ideal if it does not show someone or something (and perhaps myself) as standing in an unfavorable comparison with what should be. We teach your children and mine ideals the adoption of which will inevitably lead to a sense that there is at least some disparity between what they are and what they ought to be. In a real sense disparity is the price of purposive living.

II.

This leads me to the observation that as it was the old God who called him to deliver his people, it was the great "I Am," Yahweh, who sent him on his task. According to the best evidence we have, the word Yahweh is probably a form of the verb "to be" meaning, " I Am."

"I am that I am. Ye shall say unto the children of Israel, I Am hath sent me unto you." It may also be translated, I Am because I Am, or I Am Who Am, or I will be that I will be."

The name is frighteningly ambiguous. "Being" itself. From a later perspective Yahweh is to be known as "he who delivered us up out of Egyptian bondage," but not yet. It now stands for the isness of things that is to be manifest in His becoming through me. Its only proof of authenticity is a promise, and yet it is compelling. It is a promise (I believe) that issued from an acceptance of the complete disparity of the situation with respect to the plight of his people and an identification of himself with it.

Moses stood in the gulf between the vision of a people in bondage and the vision of a man as he "ought to be," free, and he asked, "Who shall I say has sent me." He has the sense of being alone there, moved by an unnamed power. Then the name comes to him.

The nineteenth centrury German philosopher Hegel defined the historical consciousness as that consciousness which experiences the disparities and conflicts of a period of history and mediates these disparities and conflicts to a new synthesis, a new resolution. The forces that actually move men are mediated in him and in him is presented the resolution toward which the social order moves, the unity underlying the disparity.

To how many political rallies would one have to go to find one man who has entered deeply into the feeling experience of a man whose only economic opportunity comes through the sale of his labor upon a saturated market, who has stood in bread lines and suffered the wound of being unwanted . . . at the same time that he has completely identified himself with the plight of the business man harrassed by cumbersome tax laws, social legislation of such a type that breeds upon the dream of getting something for nothing, and social aid that apparently rewards indolence and penalizes productivity?

I wonder if a man were capable of seeing this disparity and facing it squarely, might he not find the livingness of God there. Perhaps he would not at first associate the power he would know with God at all. Perhaps he would first know Him by a new name.

Friedrich Neitzsche prophesied more than a century ago, "God is dead." What he would have been justified in saying was that the word "God" had become so sentimentalized and so trivialized that it stood for nothing actual. He elevated the term "power" to the status of a divine name.

Perhaps there is a disparity in your life more all-embracing (or that ought to be more all-embracing) for you than any I have mentioned. Perhaps it is disparity not in the world in which you live or respecting the people whom you call your people but rather a disparity within your own self. Perhaps this kind of disparity has to be faced before the other kind can lay proper claim upon one.

Whatever be the most all-embracing disparity in your life, I believe that it is facing it fully, or as fully as is possible, so that you may come to be able to name it by its two names—only thus is the underlying unity without which we could not even be aware of the disparity unfolded to us.

God is the unity behind every disparity and His livingness is known to us when we look full-on the most inclusive disparity of which we are capable and call it by its name. I find it depressing to contemplate that in the matter of the right of minority people, the churches as often seem to follow as to lead the public conscience. Perhaps it is because we worship merely the God of our Fathers. It seems to me that if we face full on this and other disparities between what is and what we know in our hearts ought to be that we may find the living God again or be found of Him. Perhaps it is in this way that He imparts His life to us.

III.

The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob called Moses to his task and Yahweh sent him. What then became of the ancestral deity? Yahweh, the new name for God, still signifies the same God, the God of Abraham and Isaac, and Jacob, but from this time forth he is also Moses' God. Each person who is to discover God as living . . . as his own God, must take a route something like this. The God who acts in history and whose actions when understood constitutes the meaning of history now acts in my story. When I come to express this new sense of the divine, I come to realize that it is something like my Father expressed, though I previously did not understand.

Besides this, a deep and fundamental meaning has been added to His name. The affluent God, well known for being on every side of every issue and every war has gone. On the issue of human slavery, Yahweh has taken a stand

on one side of one issue, the resolution of which issue has been indelibly inscribed on His name forever. From this time forth it is to be said of Him, "The God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob. who delivereed us up out of Egyptian bondage."

The injunction to face disparity is not easily carried out. This involves losing oneself for something valued more. This that is valued more may come to constitute the center of a new self. The faith that this is so is gained through the celebration within the fellowship of worship of past moments in which the beingness of things has spoken, and in which disparity has been overcome. Only thus is courage found to experience, without amnesia, the radicality of the disparity out of which God speaks and sends.

For the person who cannot enter into the celebration within the "religious" community of such acts performed in and by others, the loss of self is merely something that occurs in sleep, and which is reported, if at all, only in dreams. This person does not know the livingness of God. The person who celebrates these acts in worship can anticipate and accept the loss of himself as the way in which the living God reconciles the world to Himself.

No one is really left with serious doubts about how God stands on the issue of human slavery; this deliverance has been indelibly inscribed upon His name forever. And history is filled with issues general and particular upon which the very being of things has spoken—these constitute all the value we know and the way we think of God who has bequeathed us all that we are and know.

Oh, yes, it is true that God is still an opiate administered to the people, cheaply bought comfort. For myself, I believe that the God of cheaply and passively bought comfort is dead, and that the knowledge of God comes to us by participation in the disparities of life. By participation I mean the struggle to face them fully, because in facing them fully God comes to us in his livingness as the unity behind the disparities. It is to explicate this unity that life is to be lived. Life's vocation is to think worthily of God. ●

—Dr. Darrel E. Christensen

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Reflections

On Striving For A Definition Of Time

It was half past us

with a picture of Patsy looking on

when an upside-down face—

i.e., it looked upside-down

when seen from my position—,

with a smile, explained—

or tried to, anyway—

how time is relative

and how it depends on various things,

such as on the length of one's fingers.

Sometimes I feel one with the soft pillow
that I hug at night—

with God and with nature and with all people.

Sometimes I feel, amid the coldness
of life, soft and warm, and time,
no longer a systematic progression,
seems mellow—

it seems soft and warm

and as all-encompassing as a spring afternoon.

And I become, then,
soft and warm,

and one with time.

The other one, who was

lying down—his head,

hanging over the edge of the bed,

diametrically symmetrical to mine—

insisted, rather—

having derived his argument

from Heidegger—

that being and time are equivalent,

and that past, present, and future

mingle, making the only measurement of time

the eternal now—

the I-you-he-she-it-we-you-they that is

and was

and, perhaps, will always be.

—HERB KITSON

Anti-Song Of Quote Youth Unquote

All the gushy blondes
And boisterously stupid boys
Have sought each other,
With evil eyes
And wicked wishes
Hidden, deep in caves.

No one of consequence has yet to know
Why the wishy-washy one
Was pushed over the edge,
The rim of sensibility;
But then, climbing mountains
Never was her cup of tea.

But booze and blondes
Were plentiful on the beach.
Who cared what the poor slob
In the crazy-couch thought
Or the screaming fury of the night
Brought?

Fleeced, and fortified by midnight air,
The floozy flopped on the sand
And drenched herself in guilt.
(A boy laughed in his heart
As his voice cried out a different song,
"Groovy, groovy, groovy . . .")

Sick and sad the slothful brain-child,
Only sleep and trance brought awareness
To the frugging body and sloshing gut.
But so seldom does there come
The sleep that makes the sinner
Sinless for a while.

The ever deepening caverns of darkness
Threaten day-time shadows, stretched
Into mid-afternoon madness at tea time.
Thrills ask little but to fulfill their own—
A sacrifice to a wine god, pink cheeked.
Where is the tea god?

The moon streaks its light after itself
Through the deep infinite emptiness
It calls "love," half-forgotten by those
Crass "lovers" stretched on the ground,
Whispering all sorts of nothings
Into unhearing, tensed ears.

Likewise, do the silver streaks of tears
Streak the pollen-powdered face
That truth blesses with insanity.
The rim, the edge is realized
When the rope of innocence
Is severed.

A mouse shrieks a terrible trauma,
A death's head stares accusingly
Into the faces of the near dead
Who had orgied and gorged
At the expense of the sensitive,
Long since gone, disappeared.

What time is there left for thought
When the screaming Fury flings shrouds
Among the adulterers and liars
Who killed and cried in half-cooked guilt?
Welcome to the arms of the quiet saints—
Wishy-washy though the saints be.

—THOMAS F. MORRISON
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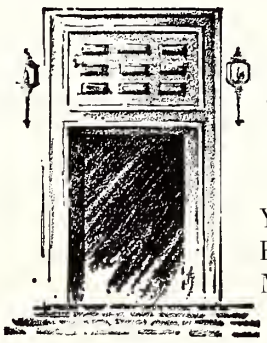
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Although the darkness had no meaning,
it smiled and with a kiss that
caressed his body, sucked his soul
through the pores into the nothingness,
the lightlessness. His psyche was suspended
by a gossamer strand that was not
unlike the darkness.

"If the strand snapped, would no one
try to mend it?"

As he walked he closed his eyes
that still fed darkness to his brain, still darkness.

"They would breathe through my
nostrils the gossamer strand; they always do.
Then they would breathe for me
a new gossamer strand that might be
stronger than the first they had made.
Perhaps . . . doubtfully."

"Tell me, if I cut it, would you
know?"

"If you cut it . . . would you
know?"

"No."

"Good-bye, my friend."

—HANK BRANDT

Laughing Neon

1.

moment people,
merry-go-'round mad, cotton candy
candy apples, kids standing in line for rides,
bright neon lights everywhere,
also bulbs (some red,
some green, some yellow— even white),
we guarantee that you'll be . . .,
lights blinking
off and on,
T-shirt (no. 22), pin-stripe, bare feet,
cigarette, sunglasses, straw hat,
everybody racing here and there
seeing almost-known faces
which turn out to be strangers,
break a balloon and win a stuffed bear
for your girl friend,
upside-down people in little cages—
little wheels rolling around a bigger wheel,
build a scarier ride and the crowd will . . .,
people defying gravity,
standard price —30¢ tickets only!,
spinning, should the wheel break?,
scrambling, tilting, screaming with delight
at being scared:

2.

We took our shoes off
(In the distance we could see the pavilion lights
As we strolled along the beach late that night . . .)
And walked along the sand—
The cool, damp sand—
And let the in-coming tide
Slide back and forth across our bare feet:

—L.M.B.

Umbra

Taurus and Libra
have passed away
into the sun;
and the moon, without earth,
has melted into ashes.
Sirius is but another speck
after trumpets have ceased.
There is creation here,
after a fashion,
as the darkness in space,
with a rending vacuum
of hot and cold,
makes the darkest shadow on earth
realize
how much it must yet know.
And the faint umbra of an eclipse
touches the deepness
but slightly.
Only far-flung, empty, cold,
quiet and ancient stars
know God.

How often have I sat and watched the waves
That tumbled on forever down the stream
When whispers caught on branches
And tore themselves into mere memories?
The present, melted into a past and distant tense,
Flows away, leaving different waters.

Nightmares have come and gone,
but soon there will come a time
when ghosts shall come again.
Whirlpools will flow into Lethe
and the shores will wear away.
And then, from Lethe,
will come a voice,
more silent and deep
than all the ocean's currents
which flow toward Babylon
at night.
And above the roar and crash
of breakers hurling foam and froth
will come that voice
crying,

Separation,

Separation,

Separation,

Separation,

Separation,

Separation,

Separation . . .

—THOMAS F. MORRISON

EDITORIAL COMMENT:

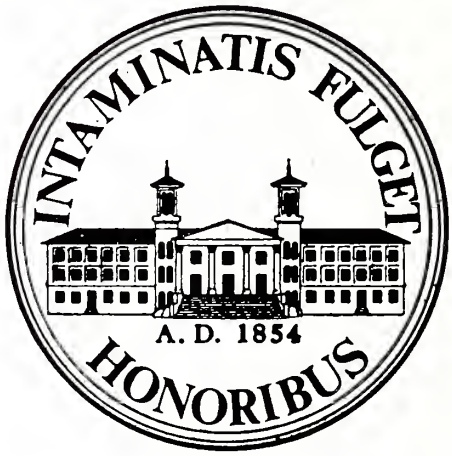
The Journal is a variety magazine published by the students of Wofford College, and as a variety magazine, it should contain something of interest for almost everyone at Wofford. Not so much material was turned in to The Journal as should have been, and this is somewhat sad. Especially among the freshmen was there little interest shown in The Journal. During the orientation period, only two freshmen showed any interest at all in contributing to the magazine, and of those two, only one turned in anything. (His poem is in this issue.) The lack of time, of course, is the main factor which limits the amount of contributions we receive. Not everybody — and especially freshmen, at first—can really find time, amid his studies, to sit down and write something "creative." It is, however, the duty—civil, moral, intellectual, etc.—of those students who do write to turn their material in. All those who write should share their works. As Shelley has said, "Whatever talents a person may possess to amuse and instruct others, be they ever so inconsiderate, he is yet bound to exert them." And if Wofford is to have a good variety magazine, then those students who do write—and those who draw, too—should support it by submitting contributions—*i.e.*, by turning in their work. (A certain Wofford student came by my room one night and showed me several essays that he had written on "the nature of man." I read these and told Mr. X that I liked them very much and would use them in the first issue of The Journal. To this, Mr. X replied, "Oh, no you won't; you don't have my permission.")

Many different types of things may be turned in to The Journal. (The abstract drawing on the cover of this issue was done by Thomas F. Morrison, a sophomore.) Besides poetry and short stories, essays, letters, sketches, themes, dream-visions, love-visions, prophesies, solicitations, pictures (not only drawings and paintings, but also photographs and cartoons), editorials, plays, and songs, to name, specifically, a few things, may be turned in. (One may turn one's material in by (1) giving it to the editor or to any member of The Journal staff, (2) by sending it through campus mail via Box 878, or (3) by slipping it under the door of The Journal office—Room 12, Greene Hall.) The Journal also reminds the students of the Helmus Poetry Contest and of the short story contest, the latter sponsored by The Journal staff. A prize of $25.00 will be given for the best short story appearing in The Journal in 1968-1969.

—*Herb*

"If God show you a way in which you may lawfully get more than in another way (without wrong to your soul or to any other), if you refuse this, and choose the less gainful way, you cross one of the ends of your calling, and you refuse to be God's steward."

—RICHARD BAXTER



"I have accounted it the chiefest part of judicious learning to make a hard point easy and familiar in explication."

—THOMAS HOOKER

REC'D DEC 3 1968

The Journal
DECEMBER, 1968

POEMS

ESSAYS

SHORT STORIES

by

ALDERMAN
BRANNOCK
BROWN
CAMBER
COATES
FOSTER
GOFORTH
HOWLE
JOHNS
KITSON
LECLAIR
MARTIN
MORRISON
PERRY
QUICK
RUTHVEN

THE JOURNAL
OF WOFFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME 79 ● No. 2 SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA DECEMBER ● 1968

First Day At Work

Bo Stevens pulled up in the driveway of his house. The air was brisk and misty, and the tall trees in front of his dark brick house were bare and bleak. It was good to be home from school for Christmas even if he had to work during his vacation. Bo didn't mind work, and he knew he had to work to have money to spend during Christmas. He took his luggage out of the old 1950 Pontiac and made his way into the house. It had been a while since he had been home, but the old house smelled the same. He put his bags down in the living room and went into the kitchen to get something to eat. He looked at the clock and quickly grabbed an apple. He remembered he had to see a man about his job in ten minutes and darted out of the house. He knew his mother would see his bags and know he was home, so he didn't leave a note.

The old town looked the same and it was easy to see that Christmas was in the air. Christmas always gave Bo a peculiar feeling that he liked, and he was feeling very good this afternoon. Bo had applied to City Coal Company because he knew many people would be needing coal and the coal company would need extra help. The coal company paid good money to Christmas help also. When Bo got to the coal yard, he parked his car and went in the shabby office in front of the coal yard. The man inside looked up from his desk and smiled. He was a middle-age man with a cigar in his mouth and a queer expression on his face. He was slightly bald on the top of his head and his hairline was receding. He was clean-cut,

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FIRST DAY AT WORK—

(Continued from Page One)

but his dress was rather grubby.

"Can I help you?" he said in a farmer's drawl.

"I'm Bo Stevens. I came to find out when I start work," Bo replied.

"Oh, yea. I reckon we'll expect you in around eight tomorrow morning. You'll be loading bags of coal and making deliveries. That all right?"

"That'll be fine," Bo said.

"Good boy!" the man said extending his right hand. "I'm Bill DeMarie. I'm the boss around here."

"Nice to meet you," Bo groaned as Bill enthusiastically shook his hand.

"Be sure and be here on time, because we got a lot of work to do."

"I will. I guess I'll see you tomorrow at eight then," Bo replied and turned toward the door. It was getting colder now and the wind was stronger. Tomorrow should come quickly.

The next morning Bo was up at seven o'clock. He dressed, ate breakfast, washed up, and hurried down to the coal yard. It was bitter cold outside and the streets were fairly deserted. When Bo pulled up in front of the coal yard, he could hear the sound of coal being shoveled into bags. He went into the office and started to punch-in.

"Cold outside, ain't it?" Bill mumbled through his cigar.

"Yes sir. Pretty cold," Bo nodded.

"People really gonna be buying coal today. It ought to be a good day. After you punch-in, go on out and start loading the bags on the red dump-truck. The baggers started at seven and ought to have pretty many ready, but I doubt it. You know how niggers are."

Bo nodded and punched-in. He turned and walked outside. The yard was black with tall mounds of coal enclosing it. There were two baggers in the yard. As Bo approached the red dump-truck, the one nearest him nodded a mild hello. He was a short colored man with an old pipe in his mouth. He was about fifty years old, but he was pretty active for his age. Bo nodded back and smiled.

"How are you this morning?" Bo said.

"Pop don't talk much," said a tall, slim white fellow appearing from behind the truck. The man looked rather dopey and had a smell of whiskey about him. He had a dirty old shirt on with the name "Henry" written near the pocket. He jumped on the truck and looked down at Bo wearily.

Bo picked up a bag of coal and handed it up to Henry. He didn't say a word. The sight of Henry made him kind of sick. The bags were heavy and there were many of them scattered over the yard, and Bo didn't feel too much like talking. In about an hour the truck was loaded and Bill walked out the door.

"Bo, you let Henry make this set of deliveries and you load the other dump-truck. We need to get stocked good."

"Okay," Bo said. He turned and walked over to the other bagger in the yard. It was so monotonous loading bags of coal. He wished he could do something else. Those bags were heavy and Bo's forehead was beaded with sweat even though it was cold.

The other bagger was a large, fat colored man forty years of age. He wore an old pair of blue jeans and a dirty gray shirt. His old shoes were untied and he was bald. He didn't say anything as Bo approached and kept shoveling coal.

There was another colored fellow talking to him who had the name "Jim" written on his shirt. Jim was fat also and wore glasses. He had big pink lips and little eyes that looked like slits. He was dressed in a dirty gray outfit like a gas station attendant wears. He had a nasty-looking hat on that covered only the back of his head. He moved around as one would who was drunk or extremely high.

"You suppose to help load this truck?" he asked Bo.

"Yea," Bo replied.

"Well get your scrawny butt over here and let's load the damn thing."

Bo picked up another bag and handed it to Jim who was on the truck by now.

"That damned Bill is a sorry son-of-a-bitch," Jim said. "He sits on his sorry tail all day long and calls it work. I'm getting fed-up."

Bo didn't pay any attention to Jim, but he kept on nodding to him and loading bags of coal. He must have loaded two thousand bags of coal by now. It was about lunch time, and he was already tired. Jim was leaning on the truck looking at his watch.

"Time to eat. We'll load the rest after lunch," Jim griped.

Bo walked into the office and got the lunch he had brought. As he was eating, he looked out the window and saw Jim and the other fellows drinking their lunch. All of them were sitting around laughing and drinking wine. They were real good workers. After Bo ate, he walked over to the door and started to go back outside when Bill came in.

"We ain't got any more deliveries this afternoon," Bill said. "I reckon we'll just finish loading all the trucks, and that ought to do it for today. You can go on home after that."

Bo didn't say anything. He looked at Bill and nodded. It sure had been an exciting day. He walked back over to the truck and started lifting bags up to Jim again. Jim was falling around on the truck and laughing.

"Bill said we can quit after we finish loading the trucks," Bo said.

"Bill don't know anything," Jim said. "I quit when I'm ready. Bill don't tell me nothing."

Bo continued loading the rest of the trucks with Jim. He stopped every few minutes to wipe his brow and nod to some remark Jim would say. At about four o'clock the last truck was loaded. Bo took a deep breath and walked back to the office to punch-out. He was black all over and smelled like a furnace. He walked into the office where Bill was sitting in a chair smoking a fresh cigar.

"All done?" Bill said.

"Yes sir. They're all stocked-up for tomorrow."

"Good boy. Go on and punch-out and we'll see you tomorrow at eight."

Bo punched-out and walked out the door. The wind was blowing hard and crisp and he needed a good bath. The first day at work was rough, but tomorrow should be easier. ●

—Hunter C. Quick

mandela of the ginqo
converging segments

wake up in the morning.
baby's up combing her hair.
the room is cold
and the curtains blow
gentle in the gray light
winter morning sun.

lay in the cover
smoking
sit up on the edge
and stretch your arms
listening to the singing trees
outside
and the streets.

two poets sleeping in a bed
making love above
the oriental rug
away from mama and papa
at home on the farm
and the cold streets.

morning raga
alap
jor

hitchhiking in the wilderness
two poets found the stone
of the goddess nugua
and took it down in agreement
by the nonesuch and through
the green meadow
to the red dust snake road
gaily painted in the manner
of a kings highway
and rode on
down through the shadow
of the valley of the great mythical
past
the lake and west to the sea
and the gates of the city
where they gave it to the lady
of the red dog saloon.

the desks
are scattered
s t e d
c a t e
r

over the room
and jammed
into the corner
against the concrete
confining
me on three sides
with a cramped back
and into a left-handed one
with dirty words
and i ain't

glubglubmuck
the eskimo child
went down to the sea in
ships
with Frankey and Bismo
remliant fum the arch
and distinckguished
in the warps
frankley said to bismo
"quill the wittle
slopheds"
and bis respoke
"quag im up yer qug"
and mo
"qhug im up yer chug"
"phucgh" added
glubglubmuck

glub
kaloob

linus on his motorcycle
an angel of justice
who wants to be a cop
and a nice guy.
synder dorm
and the guys
who went out
at two in the morning
with ropes and grapple
to steal the twenty-one foot
high
fiberglass statue of the viking
for the deans front yard
and their souls
and who surrendered honorably.
traveling westward
through the mirkwood
they were lost
without gandalf
but with the assistance

(Continued on Page Four)

of mr. bilbo the burglar
narrowly escaped the spiders
and the elves
before arriving
at their final
desolation . . .
and weird ed
and spook
and friends lost
over ignorance
in regard to points
of ettiquette
and linus on his harly
and the fragrance
and warmth of the
smell of burning leaves

snif
sob

if you're a viper

we're marching
we're marching
marching for his everlasting
love and glory

we're marching
we're marching
marching in the righteous army
of the lamb

hup two three
hupp to tree

kill for peace
kill for peace
we played the fugs
on parents weekend
while the rotc formed up
outside
and when they came to make us
shut it off
we moved up stars
kilfapeace
kilfapeace
like the mt. lebadon church
choir
while the battalion
marched away to the fugs
and the lieutenants
shouted after.

"my father
bless im
is a most brilliant
man and i'm just like
though of a different
time
he knows that a table
with three legs won't stand
while i somehow feel
that possibly a table
with two
if proper
would
and he also
was not at one
with his generation."

and HAR said
when she read
that a table
with three would
and proved it
and searched out.

"kylin's foot bruiseth no root
ohe, kylin."
and pluerabelle
and p

—W. J. GOFORTH

Cliff Notes—Monarch Outlines
Records—Tapes
Across from The Duke Power Company

As I Knew Them

*Editor's comment: This sketch is the second in a series of four sketches contributed to THE JOURNAL by Professor Coates.

Arthur Gailliard Rembert—Teacher. They called him Knotty. No one seems to know why.

Some said it was because his head was like a knot tied to a string to a thin body, though he had been handsome in his young manhood. Some said it was because he could wrap his thin legs around each other like a knot as he sat in the classroom. The explanation I like best is that he could ask knotty questions of his students, questions that would figuratively tie them in knots.

As a student at Wofford he was not above playing pranks. One nearly got him expelled from college. The literary societies then were the chief, almost the only, extra-curricular organizations on the campus. Sometimes they argued far into the night on some question of current interest.

One night he and a friend conspired to insult each other during a particularly hot debate. One challenged the other, pistols were secured, seconds were appointed, and the rest of the members of the society went to the wooded area back of the Main Building to watch. The signal was given to fire. Two shots rang out, and Arthur Rembert fell to the ground in an agony of pain from a blank-cartridge wound made realistic by some tomato juice previously applied to his shirt under his coat. Frightened students picked him up, groans and all, and carried him three blocks to a doctor's home. At the steps he told then he was all right.

It is said that Professor Duncan—later to be Bishop—interceded with President Carlisle, urging him not to send the boys home, since they were otherwise such fine boys and had such excellent academic records.

One other story from his school days should be told as it illustrates a major quality in his character that was to contribute to his greatness as a teacher—a sense of fair play and an absolute fearlessness in insisting on it. The story is told that President Carlisle was unjustly accusing him of drinking liquor on a picnic. When the President would not hear his side of the story, he said, "Doctor, if you will not hear my statement, I will not hear yours." And he walked out of the room.

Many of his students who knew him in his prime—which was most of his teaching career—have testified to his greatness as a teacher. Two of them who became Rhodes Scholars and went to Oxford said he was the greatest teacher they had ever known, including their Oxford dons.

What were the qualities of mind and heart that gave him this reputation for greatness? Here is one observer's judgment after forty years of thinking about the man and puzzling over the source of his magic.

First of all, he was brilliant. Even those who were not inspired by him—and there were many such—agreed that he was brilliant.

Another quality I have already mentioned was his hatred of injustice and insistence on fair play.

But perhaps his most outstanding quality was his love of learning and his impatience with slovenly thinking and mental laziness. Somehow he was able to communicate these qualities to many of his students, especially to the good ones.

Once he said to a bright freshman who had broken his leg playing football, "It's a pity you didn't break something useless—your head." When another student refused to take his advanced Greek, saying, "it takes too much time; I want some time to play," he just snorted his disapproval.

But it was his technique that people seemed to remember best. Like Dr. Clinkscales he was colorful in the classroom, but in a different sort of way. He could turn a nonchalant and lazy student into a quiver of embarrassment. And he could do the same thing to an able cocky student.

I saw a brief example of this technique in my office—the English Office—the second year I taught at Wofford. Dr. Rembert's classroom adjoined my office, where he used to sit between classes. There was a young instructor who had been a student of Doctor Rembert, and all three of us were talking about poetry one day. The young instructor said, "I think Kipling is my favorite poet." He told me later, "I knew as soon as I had said it I had made a mistake. I suppose what I meant was that for entertaining reading I liked Kipling best. I just wasn't thinking." Dr. Rebert cocked his head to one side, looked at the young instructor with his piercing eyes, and said with a touch of sadness in his voice, "Joe—*Kipling?*" That was all. The young instructor's face became crimson. I do not remember the rest of the conversation. I think we moved into a discussion of Keats and

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Browning and Shakespeare.

The interesting point is that the young instructor did not resent this pointed thrust, for he knew there was no meanness in it. And this question was to become a part of the thrust that sent him on to graduate school, a Ph. D. and a college teaching career in English.

The most interesting of his techniques was a practice he followed during most of his career. He made it a habit to select the last person who came into class, have him stand up, and quiz him unmercifully about the day's assignment. He was quiet in his questioning and he was not mean. He just probed and probed till he found an area of ignorance. One of his former students told me, "He could strip any student mentally naked till he was embarrassed at his own ignorance." Another told me, "I ran many times from the second floor of Science Hall to the third floor of the Main Building to keep from being the last man in the class." Still another said, "We who had come early used to sit quietly waiting for that last man to come charging up the steps and into the room out of breath while the class chuckled gleefully at the going over that was waiting for him."

The same man told me, "I swore that he would never take me apart. I studied like a dog for a whole term. Occasionally he would look at me, but he never asked me a question. Did he know I was laying for him? I don't know. I do know that I studied and I learned. And I suspect that was what he wanted above all else of me and the others."

He had another technique that another man, whom many of you know, remembered fifty years later. "He would sit at the desk at the beginning of the period, staring out the window with that a far-away look in his eyes. Sometimes he would take a large handkerchief out of his pocket and play with it. One day he reached inside his vest pocket and pulled out a one-sentence clipping from a newspaper and read it to us. He held it for a while and then put it back in his pocket. Then, without any comment about it, he remained silent for a minute or two and proceeded to "hear" the lesson for the day. I found myself weeks later wondering why he read that clipping to us. I suspect that he just wanted to make us think."

He was not much given to story telling—funny stories, though he had a sharp wit. His students thought of him as stern and unyielding in his opposition to mental laziness. They did not think of him as sentimental. And yet, one who knew him for a long time out of the classroom said to me not long ago, "He always took the students' side. He used to say about two "i-dotters" and "t-crossers" on the Faculty, 'I'll be glad when their boys get old enough for college. Maybe then they'll know what boys are like.' "

It was this quality of understanding, of compassion for young men—is there any difference between the two words? —that was the most important quality of this teacher. Without it I think no man can be a great teacher though he may become a great scholar. Those who think that a scholar and a teacher are the same thing are a little confused I think. The greatest teachers I had in college never wrote books, though one did put together an anthology or two. What they did was give students something that would make *them* write books.

I saw this essential quality of Dr. Rembert's in action in a Faculty meeting when I was young as a teacher. We had decided to adopt a quality-point system and to shift from the 1, 2, 3, 4 grading system to the A, B, C, D, F system. Dean Mason DuPre was chairman of the committee to bring in a recommendation to the Faculty. Under the new plan, A was given 3 points; B, 2; C, 1; and D, none.

Dr. Rembert argued vehemently, persistently, and long for giving the D grade some small portion of a quality point even if it was only one tenth of a point. If a D is passing it is not neuter, he argued. This was logical of course, though we could not see it at the time. He argued on the basis of regard for the poor but hard-working student who couldn't make better than a D. He argued so long that we postponed action till the next faculty meeting, when we voted him down. I now know he was right—on both counts.

The foregoing I heard and saw. The rest of the story is apocryphal. It was told to me by an alumnus who knew both Dean DuPre and Dr. Rembert. Certainly what he quotes Dean DuPre as saying is in character.

According to the story as it was told to me, Dean DuPre was in his office after the meeting when we postponed action on his report. His office adjoined the faculty room. His good friend Arthur Rembert was with him. Partly in exasperation, partly in affection, partly with that saving sense of humor which was a part of Dean DuPre's nature, he said to Dr. Rembert:

"Arthur, like all of us you are going to die some day. And like all good Wofford men you will go to Heaven in spite of your stubborness. You will pester the authorities till they put you on the Admissions Committee there because of your long experience as a member of the Admissions Committee at Wofford.

"And when your former students come before the Admissions Committee you will keep the committee in session till they finally agree to let them in. You'll say, 'I know the fellow. He tried. He meant to do right.'

"But one day some sorry, no-account, good-for-nothing former student of yours who took your Greek for one year and who didn't stay at Wofford long enough to build up quality points for entrance will come before the committee and you'll keep them in session a thousand years arguing for leniency. But they'll outvote you in the end.

"You won't give up, though, and, as he disappears behind a galaxy on the day down, you'll cry out, 'Call him back! Call him back!' And they'll call him back and you'll say, 'Couldn't we just suspend him for a million years!' "

Brilliant, despising ignorance and slovenliness, hating dishonesty and injustice, but loving the truth and those who sought it with him, he was the spirit of the teacher incarnate. ●

—Professor K. D. Coates

PROBLEM NO. 1

Confusion as to purpose
but no attempt to pursue.
Fear of the future
but no plans made.
Trembling at the present
but no prayer said.
Calling for eternity
and yet not knowing now.

—John Ashmore Brown

Mirror, Picture, And Camera

I MIRROR
who
has seen
the brogan
on the ant mountain
has seen
the brogan
on the ant mountain

II PICTURE
a pencil
on a desk
and on the paper
TRUTH
by James James

III CAMERA
click
a chicken
click
a cow
click
a click
click

—ALDERMAN, E. B.

The sun goes up, the sun goes down;
time leaves no tracks on earth.
Man's shadow sleeks across the dirt;
does that confirm his birth?
His mind has formed a helix,
spinning toward the sky.
The only answer he can find
is the old question, "Why?"
His soul hangs high on a limb,
drying in the sun.
The dogs would stop to bark at it
but they know it's not the one
The then known world is conquered;
we can't escape the past.
But it moves on with jury-rig,
man's breath has broke the mast.
The painting shows best in shade,
as if you cared to look.
If you don't want to touch the hand,
you can always read the book.
The sculpture then is finished,
but now it can't be shown.
It shows too much of life;
the mind just mustn't be blown.

—JAMES A. BRANNOCK

Little Father Is Dead

Plucked from their porphyry velvet nest, on display
In the jeweler's window of national acclaim,
The Tsar and his family peep unheard for heed
To be taken of their crystal persons,
Prone to break if fumbled by dung soiled hands.
Serfs, not knowing how to handle baubles,
Smash the crystal birds with People's Rifles;
Then, sing the yet dazzling shards undimmed,
Crunch them, boot shod, deeper into the earth.

—Alan Johns

A Search

The day had begun as it had for the last week. The sky was gray, and although a misty rain was falling, the weather was warm. Before the rain had started, the days had been unbearably hot, almost hot enough to drive one crazy.

He had been at the house by himself for several days. There he had complete peace and quiet, because living in the country as he did, he did not have many conveniences. He had no radio or television, because he didn't care for the noise they made, and there was no phone service so far from town. In reality, he was completely alone.

The days were spent in quiet solitude. He roamed over the surrounding fields and valleys, usually in deep thought. Quite often, he was so absorbed in his thinking that upon returning to the house he could not remember what he had seen or where he had been. Really, all of his life had been like that. He had done nothing, and had nothing to remember about it. He remembered no past, had no present, and did not look forward to the future.

Today he had arisen early, had coffee and toast for breakfast, and then retired to the den. Sitting there in a chair, the one he considered his favorite, he looked slowly around the room. Everything was in meticulous order. Of course, that had always been characteristic of him. He despised slovenliness and carelessness. That was one reason he stayed alone and away from people and life in general.

As he sat in the chair, it seemed to surround him with a protective warmth. He thought back to the many times he had sat in that chair thinking, as now, of his life and its meaning. But sitting there thinking, he realized that life this way was impossible and could only be ended in one way.

Walking toward the bathroom, he tried to think what would happen if he were to go through with it. Would anyone miss him, or if they did, would they care? He opened the medicine cabinet over the sink and removed his razor. No, he decided he wouldn't use that blade. He would use a new one, one that was clean and sharp. It must be sharp enough to cut quickly and cleanly, and very deep. He closed the cabinet door and looked in the mirror at himself. His face showed no expression, because he felt nothing. He turned off the light and left the room.

Back in the den, he again sank into his chair. He sat contemplating the razor blade in his hand and trying to wonder if he could really go through with it. He decided to do it quickly, and placed the blade on his right wrist. The blade slowly began to cut, the skin pulling back, allowing the blood to begin to trickle down his arm. There really was no pain, maybe because he did not wish to feel pain, and maybe because he was not thinking of the cut on his wrist but of finally being relieved of his worries and depression.

He now changed the blade to the other hand and quickly sliced deeply into his wrist. The vein was cut, and the blood began to squirt in spasmodic regularity from his arm. He realized the right wrist cut was not bleeding freely, so he took the razor in his other hand and weakly cut deeper into the flesh. This time he cut the vein, and the blood flowed freely over his clothes and onto the chair. He sat in the chair with his eyes closed, the razor on the floor beside him, and felt the warm life flowing from his body. He still felt no pain, and his cares seemed to lift, leaving him with a quiet dizziness.

Minutes passed and the blood covered the chair and fell in puddles on the floor. He opened his eyes, and with a great exertion raised himself from the chair. He started toward the bedroom, but moved only a few steps before collapsing on the floor. As he lay there his sight became hazy, and he tried to think about his life up till now. But he had had no life to remember. He had simply existed, and simply occupied space with no purpose. Could one actually be and yet not be?

He realized that he did not want to die. He must have a purpose in life, but that purpose had simply not arisen yet. *He did not want to die.* He began to pray for help, to pray an impossible prayer that someone would come. He opened his mouth to yell for help, even though he knew it would be a yell that would be useless. But hope compelled him to try. He yelled, yelled with all of his might, but he only emitted a desperate screech, hardly audible even to himself. His mind began going around, his dizziness increased, but he stubbornly tried to retain his sanity. He must not die, God must not let him. The room was going dark, he emitted another silent yell, he tried to move—but wait, he held his breath to hear it. Was that a knock on the door? Yes! There it was again. There was someone at the door, knocking, repeatedly trying to summon him. He must get to the door. He tried to raise himself, to crawl, but he couldn't. Somehow, he must reach the man, or make some signal to summon him into the house. He wildly looked for some means to alert the stranger that something was wrong. Then he saw the lamp on the nearby table. He exerted his last energy to try to crawl over to the table. The rug where he had been lying was saturated with blood. The blood spread over the floor as he dragged his body to the table.

There is another knock at the door, and it renews his energy enough for him to reach the table. But he is unable to knock the lamp over. It is just inches from his fingers, but the inches could be miles. He tries to shake the table, but the big lamp only wobbles back and forth. He pleads for the lamp to fall and again shakes the table leg. But then he notices that the knocking has stopped, and he can

(Continued on Page 18)

Lamentations Of A Spartan

I am Cleonia, daughter of Cleon, mother to Memnon
Whose corpse this hour returned on his shield
The victim of the Athenians, or perhaps of Sparta
Herself, demanding all, and like a thankless child,
Giving nothing in return.
For what imagined glorious cause fell my first born,
Pale with a shaft in his breast?
Was it I, the same woman, who only yesterday admonished
My son to return victorious or shield stiff?
Death seared through my heart like an arrow of fire
When my Memnon mirrored my invocation.
Did I, or any of my sisters comprehend, even in part,
The terrible oath which bound our sons?

—ALAN JOHNS

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Kaswala Is My Home

Kaswala is the name of my home;
it is my place to go.
Somebody else owns Kaswala,
but nowadays somebody else always seems
to own your home.
Anyway Kaswala has a special meaning for me.
It is the heart of joy, the release of fear,
and the satisfaction of love.

Kaswala is bigger than most homes;
in fact it covers about five acres, maybe more.
But that is not important.
Kaswala is great for what it is.
It is open.
Anybody can come to Kaswala,
and if you slow down and accept what it has to offer,
Kaswala will receive you.

Kaswala is also the center of my education.
It is where my mind was tossed about and around
and up and down.
It is where my body was nourished and satisfied.
It is where my body was challenged.

Because Kaswala looks after me,
I look after Kaswala and myself.
Kaswala taught me this responsibility;
Kaswala taught me many things.

Kaswala taught me to feel.
And because it did, the world is open to me.
Kaswala raised my head into the skies and said 'look.'
It brought my head down to the ground and said 'listen.'
Kaswala drew me into the lives of others, and said 'feel.'

Kaswala said to think, so I did.
And to think was sensitive and beautiful.
I could live with my body and my mind.
Kaswala had taught me to love.

Kaswala is my home.
Kaswala is my place to go.

—B. E. CAMBER

"There Are, That Resting, Rise"

L. Moffitt Cecil*
English Department
Texas Christian University
Fort Worth, Texas

**Editor's comment: Dr. Cecil, a graduate of Wofford College and editor of* The Journal *while a student here, teaches English at Texas Christian University. The statements in his article on academic freedom—"There Are, That Resting, Rise"—are directed, mainly, toward the university, but apply, I feel, to any academic institution.*

Recently I asked a colleague if he felt that his inalienable right to academic freedom has been disregarded or denied on our university campus. He assured me immediately that he is as free as a bird: he teaches his subject honestly, says exactly what he pleases. He feels not in the least harried or cramped, or that he must censor his own thoughts and judgments. Along with the principles and practices of his discipline, he expresses his own convictions and ideals with complete candor and confidence.

My friend is a scholar and a gentleman. He is personable, considerate, well-spoken. Professionally he is admirably qualified, having earned degrees from two of America's more highly esteemed universities. His popularity as a teacher is attested each semester by the number of students who jockey for a place in his classes. He has gained a reputation as something of an authority within his field of special interest because of several significant articles he has authored and published in scholarly journals. Besides, he is a solid citizen, head of a family, a working church member, an active supporter of civic and cultural enterprises within the community. In short, to a considerable degree he possesses the characteristics which to the popular mind should in here in an ideal college professor. When he answered unhestitatingly and reassuringly to my query about academic freedom, I was at once encouraged.

The question I had asked my friend was not a purely academic one. Some time before, it had been made known that the contract of an instructor on our campus would not be renewed, and this information had led to speculations, accusations, explanations among our faculty and student body. I am not in possession of the facts in this particular case, and I have not intention of passing judgment on it here. I cite the incident merely to show what prompted me to reflect again upon the nature and importance of academic freedom.

As I considered the optimistic response of my distinguished colleague and friend, another image intruded upon my consciousness. I recalled other acquaintances, a man and wife who have affirmed vehemently to me that never again will they travel outside the South. Last summer their reservation in a New York hotel was not honored. And the summer before that, while sojourning in Old Mexico, they suffered from dysentery. Surely these good people would not contend that their freedom to travel is denied. The desire to travel and the freedom to travel are two separate and distinct considerations. An individual must preserve his right to stay at home if that is what he prefers. But how would it be if everyone within a community should choose to stay at home? or a nation? a university?

Metaphorically, academic freedom is the exercising of the absolute right of the mind to travel and report freely where it has been and what it has found. Except for our Marco Polos and Columbuses and Commodore Perrys, how could we enter the names of lands and peoples on our maps? Now the space ships are being prepared which will bring back the missing data from the moon and Mars. As Isabella knew, we must sacrifice everything, even the crown jewels, to make way for the daring explorers.

There are no sacred mountains, forbidden valleys, distant planets which can be declared off-limits to the questing mind. All that man calls fact, all ideas however sacrosanct, all religious, philosophical, scientific systems must submit again and again to the rectifying solvent of thought. For the sum of man's knowledge is pitiably incomplete. He does not yet know who or what he is. He has no sealed assurance that the human race can survive within this illimitable, fleeting universe of stars. It may be best that he should continue to hope and pray for some miraculous intervention in his behalf, but he must struggle ceaselessly to develop the source of his uniqueness and his power —his endowment of mind. The limits of this peculiar human resource have not yet been defined. Transcendentalist Thoreau bodly declared in *Walden:* "The universe constantly and obediently answers to our conceptions . . . The poet or the artist never yet had so fair and noble a design but some of his posterity at least could accomplish it."

A university is a permanent council of scholars dedicated to the verification and propagation of truth, to the end that man may master insofar as possible his destiny in this life and in any life to come. The connotations of the terms *universe* and *universal* suggest the comprehensiveness, the exhaustiveness, the impartiality with which the good university will conduct its research, and the

broadly liberal stance it will assume in all of its pronouncements and activities. All judgments will be tested; no sect, or race, or culture will be treated with deference; all that has been and is, will be taken fully into account. A perfect university would be a true microcosm, for within its premises one would encounter and judge impartially all of the important ideas and ideals contending for supremacy in the great world outside. To the degree that a particular college or university denies its "universal" commitment to serve mankind as a whole, but subserves private or prejudicial ends instead, by just so much does that institution fall short of the ideal of academic freedom.

Practically considered, academic freedom is the measure of moral support and real encouragement that a particular college or university can assure its scholars who would learn and teach freely and fearlessly. This measure is never full or constant. Academic freedom is not a commodity that can be bought or a state that can be permanently secured. It is not an aura that envelops only the old, or large, or wealthy institutions. It does not depend finally upon handsome salaries, large libraries, or comfortable quarters, though often these are helpful. Even the newest, the smallest, the poorest, or the meanest of educational institutions may gain for itself an admirable measure of academic freedom, which, like other freedoms, is likely to flame more fiercely in adverse circumstances. But academic freedom is never a gift; it must be earned. And it can be sustained at high level only by the wise and cooperative working of a dedicated administration, faculty, and student body.

In creating and sustaining a proper intellectual climate, the role of the administration is paramount. Those many major tasks with which an administration necessarily occupies itself—raising money for endowment and facilities; planning and supervising the construction of new buildings; organizing the university into functional units, colleges, departments, etc.; hiring faculty members; updating curricula; devising and carrying out procedures to make a complex organization operate smoothly and efficiently—such tasks, though essential, are incidental to the primary function of a university administration. That function is to make certain, by all valid means, that the freedom of scholars to learn and teach the truth is in no way impaired. An effective administration stands protectively between the scholar and those outside forces and conditions which would beguile him or force him from the path of truth.

The chief administrator of a college or university today needs to be heroic indeed. Never before has the general public supported education so lavishly. But frequently the motives of benefactors are not pure, and a chief administrator must find himself often in direct or indirect conflict with powerful nonacademic interests. If his is a public institution whose board of directors is appointed by a governor of a state, the forces he must oppose will be political. If a privately-endowed institution, then foundations and corporations and other actual or hoped-for benefactors will feel that they have a right to make claims. If left uncontrolled, such tangential influences may debase a university.

One of the chief administrator's responsibilities which affect immediately and lastingly the intellectual climate is the hiring of faculty members. Unless this responsibility is discharged judiciously, a permanent intellectual bias may be built into an institution. It is natural to prefer as associates men whose experiences and views tally with one's own. So it may follow that the members of a university faculty, through a process of "natural selection," may come like Emerson's conformists "to wear one cut of face and figure, and acquire by degrees the gentlest asinine expression." Such an assemblage makes but a sad mockery of the ideal of comprehensiveness and impartiality warranted by the name *university*. A good faculty, whatever its size, will represent a great diversity of backgrounds, experiences, and philosophies. How else can the vital flux of ideas, the stimulus to creative scholarship, be generated?

Besides shielding the faculty from damaging outside pressure, a chief administrator must make sure that the system of governance within the university does not itself create impediments. Freedoms flourish best within a democracy, no less so in a university than in a nation. A paternalistic system, however benign, is a brake upon academic freedom. Whenever a scholar is made to feel that the effective way to advance in his profession is to please or impress a particular department chairman, dean, or chancellor, or rather not to displease any of these dignitaries, he may be constrained to defer. A good chief administrator will reduce the possibility for such demoralizing determents by inaugurating a system of government which will give faculty and students an equitable voice in the determination of university policies and practices. Like nations, universities should be governed, not by men, but by laws. And the laws should be calculated to safeguard academic freedom.

Finally, a chief administrator must exercise a God-like tolerance. He should, as it were, engrave upon his letterhead, "The ideas and opinions of our free scholars are not to be interpreted necessarily as the express policy of this university," and then he, like the exulting self celebrated by Walt Whitman, should "sit and look out." If a bell should ring, he need not run. He might, as Thoreau would have suggested, consider what kind of music it makes. If a zealous young professor should mouth heresies which shock the sensibilities of the respectable and cause the orthodox to look askance to heaven, the result will be a discordant sound. And if a tempermental young instructor, in a moment of unwarranted frustration, should curse the university for what seems to him to be its failures, that too will be a jarring note. But a chief administrator need not become alarmed unless he should hear arising around him only a sweet, gentle, soporific melody or, worse yet, a vast harmonious silence. Then he might review the policies and practices of the university to discover why the spirit of academic freedom has departed.

The task of the administration is to

create and maintain conditions which will permit academic freedom to abound; that of the scholar is to remain steadfast in his search for truth. If the good administrator must be heroic, the true scholar must be none the less so. In these plush times of high salaries, carpeted offices, reduced teaching loads, and sabbaticals, it is difficult to recognize Chaucer's lean and threadbare scholar who would gladly learn and gladly teach. But our modern professor, for all that he may resemble so nearly a prosperous business executive, is still the spiritual and intellectual descendent of Socrates and Galileo; his commitment is no less absolute and binding than was theirs. Whatever the circumstances under which he works, he must not swerve; and when the moment arrives for him to stand up and be counted, as it assuredly will arrive even in these our "civilized" times, he must prove himself to be truly a "man for all seasons" and accompany Sir Thomas even to the block.

The aura of freedom which surrounds a particular college or university is a palpable, measurable thing. A sensitive visitor will be able, before very long, to report rather accurately the climatic conditions there. Sometimes students complain that theirs is a Mickey Mouse institution, that violent and inexplicable events are taking place in the world outside, but repercussions from such meaningful happenings scarcely ruffle the respectable campus calm. A good university, I think, will generate quite a different feeling from that—a feeling that can best be compared, perhaps, to the elevating sense of immediacy and purpose communicated by a great international airport. People of all races are moving confidently along the concourses. A kind of electricity pervades the atmosphere. That hiss and roar come from a departing stratojet, a non-stop flight to ancient Rome. Here come travelers back from Pakistan. How eagerly they greet their friends. A pilot is smiling as he strides along. That plane just loading goes to Helicon. This one to Washington, D. C. Students may board for only half-fare. ●

Late Rain

at midnight
the houses
had no windows
rain deafened
with visions
of leaves

—Alderman, E. B.

To The Academy

two towers
erected
for Mausolus
or Ben Wofford (both men
having been "rewarded with
the correct answer")

—Alderman, E. B.

God Moves

The prayer she had cried
at night
was answered.
The man she loved,
the song she sang
were all hers now—
everything she had wanted
was hers:
she was not happy,
because she cried
at night.
The prayer she had cried
at night
was answered.

—Thomas F. Morrison

. . . Whose Mother Is A Nurse

Harmonica playing in a lonely land,
Where no one can say what he really believes,
And everyone pretends—
And the young men all pray to God
For love to come,
And they all wonder:
On a winter night
(The naked overhead light)
It gets dark early.

"with pornographic playing cards, with a strongbox, **without a lock,** with love, with vomiting, with crying, with fury . . ., with making money with your body . . ., with howling because you're alive, with God Who Is . . ."
—Edward Albee

So, please, then, nurse, lead Everyman to heaven,
(Where one can play cards,
Or something of that sort—
Bob Dylan's Dream—
And/or meet together everyday at a certain hour,
And/or go for walks,
And/or speak together in public places,
And pass our Cartesian quarter of an hour)
Because somebody who doesn't understand
Always tries to ruin things.

"In this world of toil and sin
Your head grows bald, but not your chin."
—Burma Shave

With working, with running to mail boxes,
With tea, with overshoes, with chicken,
With hitchhiking, with showers,
With going to sleep, and with getting up, too,
And one day with jumping out of a window . . .

"ANGELFOOD"

And then there was the lad
Who lost his Scorpio when very young
And was never quite the same . . .

—HERB KITSON

I Am Only Me

I am only me;
Nothing more.
A physical being covers and protects.
Complicates the soul.
The day begins.

I am only me;
Nothing more.
A new flower on a twisted vine
(A leaf withers),
Fruitful when ripe.

I am only me;
Nothing more.
Searching for life's worth,
I find myself
Behind a cold, damp rock.

I am only me;
Nothing more.
Blessed with a hungry mind,
Abstract at times,
In need of love.

I am only me;
Nothing more.
Bewildered and frightened.
Running through an open field,
Tripping on my shadow.

I am only me;
Nothing more.
Take for what I am.
Hidden by the rain.
All I offer is love.

I am only me;
Nothing more.
Darkness fills a melancholy world.
I close my eyes in hope of a dream.
The night begins.

I am only me;
Nothing more.
Light trickles across my dream.
I look in wonder at another dawn.
The day begins.

—CHRIS PERRY

LIFE

A young girl's sweetheart dies.
She cries and sways and mourns,
And all her lovely ways
Are lessened in the fast
Of sorrow, for she sees
No meaning but in end.
With this she then proceeds
Back to normal at last.
Away from the few days,
Where true meaning was borne,
Of life and all its lies.

—Buren Martin

The Marble Lover

Shaped by a deft chisel into a demure pose,
My marble lover sports her stony thighs
In coy invitation to a capable man
To enter into her glory, so cruelly withheld
By a marble gate.
If only she could leave her pedestal
And be not stone, but fleshly enclothed,
Then I, possessed of rock hard desire
Could enter her with unlimp manhood.

—Alan Johns

An Essay On The Wofford Community

I confess; I fled from the "isle of tranquillity." Before I returned, I was caught in the trap of tidy thoughts and sweet ditties; I went to Sunday School. The woman dispensing the word handed me a small book. I was not impressed; Sunday School literature has a bad rep of being dime-a-dozen. I was wrong. I was guility of a gross generalization.

The little book that came across the table to me was by Waldo Beach, entitled *Conscience On Campus.* In several chapters Beach analyzed the atmosphere of the campus. The inevitable question that came to my mind was: Is what he sees in American colleges true of Wofford? What follows is an attempt to answer that question. The analysis is Beach's; its relation to the Wofford community is mine.

Beach tries to discredit the "contemporary wisdom" concerning colleges: the widely held notion that college is one carefree lark. Is the "isle of tranquillity" simply that, or is there more to it? That college is one carefree lark is a hard notion to accept after a semester or more of college. Such a statement forgets the period prior to exams, the roommate for whom you have developed a cordial hatred, the beloved one at Converse who feels you are an uncouth barbarian. It does not take into account the group of men at home constantly watching the GPR to see if you are going to be given a "chance" to serve your country, now; or, for the lucky ones in ROTC, the reminders you receive of what it will be like "over there." It fails to remember that students are faced with many moral dilemmas: not only whether or not to go to Capri's, to spend Homecoming night at the Heart, to join the throngs in seven little brick houses, or even to write the twenty cities of Palestine on a convenient slip of paper, but more fundamentally, what is going to be their ultimate concern.

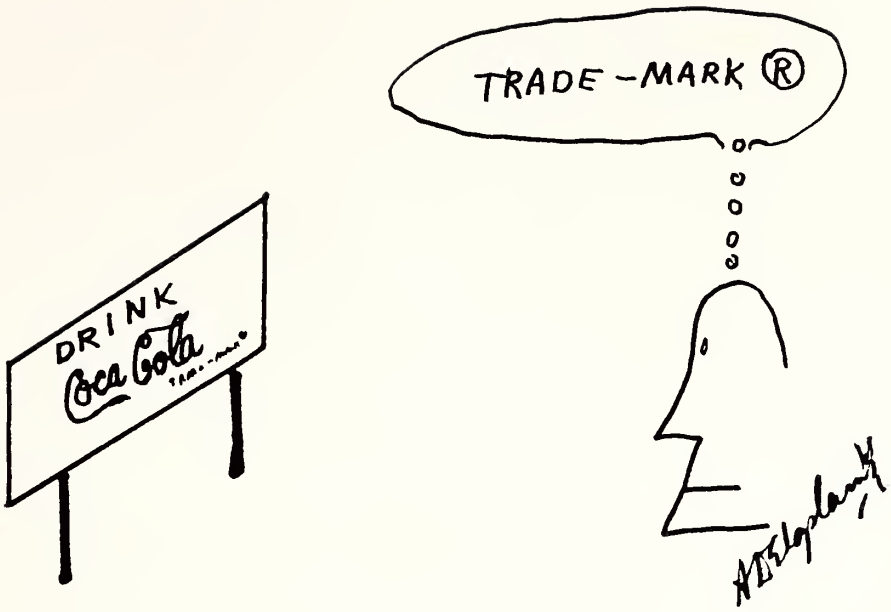
The crucial fact about any college is reflected in this statement: What does it set as the Supreme worth? Beach feels college communities set supreme value on security. The search for security at Wofford is evident in many ways. The dread of not being present when the Drifters come on stage Homecoming, the desire to have the "right" clothes, to like the Platters but be wary of Bach, to enjoy Playboy but shun poetry reflects this search for security. Not asking a question in class for fear of being singled out, or worse, for fear it might not please the professor, the fear of floundering that drives men to seek refuge in the "best house" and defend its "coolness," the fear of ostracism that causes the independent to remind everyone that non-greeks make up almost half the student body and that the editors of two publications are not bound to any house, all of these are signs of the search for security.

Beach cites one example that does not quite fit Wofford. He tells us to look at the Big Man On Campus. BMOC will be just like everyone else, not a man with any particular ideas of his own, just a good Joe. A quick look around may encourage us that this may not be true at Wofford. The man who calls for a civil rights-motivated boycott that gets only 35 per cent backing, the student who spends some of his time tutoring Negro children, an editor no one would accuse of saying only what everybody wants to hear do not fit this prototype.

Before we decide that we have broken from the mould, a look must be taken at Beach's last sign of security: the vocational aims of the students. Wofford students seemed to be obsessed with the idea of "playing it safe." Doctors (hometown, no need to go cure black bodies in Biafra), preachers (get a good size church, watch out for those ghetto ministries), lawyers (a good prosperous practice, no legal aid work allowed) and of course, business executives (gray flannel suits are sharp) are found in abundance in the "isle." There seems to be little desire to challenge the establishment's nine-to-five morality, only a zeal to join it, at a high salary level. We may elect a bearded "radical" who challenges the way of the Kiwanis club, but we feel the most important problems at Wofford are the attainment of a strong fraternity system and changes in dorm and liquor regulations that will keep up with Yale's. We are taught in freshman orientation that we are dumb rats; but nothing is said of learning to question, only that we need to become "well-rounded gentlemen" or in other words, what will make us what society would call a "success." Yes, we too worship James' "bitch-goddess success."

However, this is not the atmosphere of Wofford! We need only to consult the catalogue: "the purpose of Wofford College is to function as a liberal arts institution of superior quality. Its chief concern is the development of an intellectual, spiritual, and aesthetic atmosphere in which serious and inquiring minds of students and faculty alike will be challenged to a common search for truth and freedom . . ." When have we the time to search for truth when a paper is due between two and four pages in length or chapter four must be read by Friday? We rise for class to learn in history that the United States convinced itself that it won the War of 1812, that the Bible says "Thou shalt not kill," that some philosophers consider life all a dream anyway, and that the United States killed 3,000 men in two days in the Phillipines. From this we find "truth and freedom"? In a desire to read 2000 pages or finish two chapters before the next test, we lose sight of any motivation to learn. Colleges becomes "just one damn thing after another." We come to associate an

(Continued on Page 18)



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clutching little hands
come and see eyes
timid twisting of clothing
insistent pleading eagerness
first grade

"They were just great but
the smart ones want all the
attention and the slower ones
are too shy and get left behind."

"Oh, that's sweet," she said.

"Cute the way they tug at your
sleeve and clamor for attention.
Like a bunch of puppies, all trying
to get you to come see what they've
done."

"I'm so glad you're helping those
retarded children."

"They're not retarded. Just a lot of
Negro kids who need some help with
their homework. Didn't I tell you?"

"No, you didn't," she said.

—RICHARD RUTHVEN

Cafe Woco

Sure he sits beside us
Though his clothes are soiled.
He must be a brave cuss
Unconcerned with the anger coiled
In each of our hot hearts.

Speaking for myself I said
That I wouldn't leave
The table and eat instead
With the frat boys, at ease,
Playing as I should my part.

There's something to the fact
That my frat brothers react
To the poor and dirty man
Who with us lives as he can,
Though he, without the liberal arts.

—TOMMY LECLAIR

A SEARCH—

(Continued from Page Eight)

hear the stranger's steps receding down the walk. He tries once more to call, but only a forlorn moan escapes his lips. "Oh hell, dear God help me," he cries to himself. But his chance has passed.

Hours later the sun's rays leave the horizon, preceding the end of day. The rain has stopped and formed a mist over the valleys and as twilight approaches, the room is cooling. But he doesn't feel the coolness as he is lying there on the floor dead. ●

—E. Carey Sharpe

Essay On The Wofford Community—

(Continued from Page 16)

"A" in a course with wisdom. In short, we forget the development of an "atmosphere in which serious and inquiring minds of students and faculty alike will be challenged . . ."

Is this what we want from Wofford College? Do we want to remember our college years as a series of unrelated courses, a Friday night at Capri's, a search for security and acceptance? Or do we want to remember our years here as the time when we were put on the road to what the catalogue calls "truth and freedom." ●

—Gaines M. Foster

Watching my pen slide over the page
trying to write and trying to
think of something to be.
I wonder what you think as you
read these words.
They mean very little saying nothing
but me. Disaster awaits—
that seems strange to say.
What can you think of a person
who just sits and watches
his pen slide over the page?

—John Ashmore Brown

Second Chance

She did not speak of sorrow;
But her thin smile could not conceal
The pain that he had caused.
We spoke of people, and places, and things,
That we both knew, but neither listened.
Her eyes found mine and unnoticed by the crowds,
They filled with tears that gently ran down cheeks
Once bright with laughter.
I took her hand in mine and kissed her tears away,
As her warm breath brushed lightly against my face.
People stopped and stared, but I did not care,
Maybe they had never known of love.

—JACK HOWLE

Financial Report of The Journal
For The Year 1967-'68

INCOME	
Advertising Revenue	$ 264.00
Student Activities Fees Allocated For Year	2,667.00
Total Income	$2,931.00
EXPENDITURES	
Printing	$2,242.00
Salaries:	
Editor	92.00
Business Manager	106.00
Bonuses	53.00
Other:	
OGB	198.00
Short Story Award	25.00
Binding	30.00
Typing	12.00
Photography	15.00
Travel Expenses	15.00
Stationery	30.19
Postage	2.00
Total Expenditures	$2,820.00
Income	$2,931.00
Less Expenditures	2,820.19
Balance	$ 110.81

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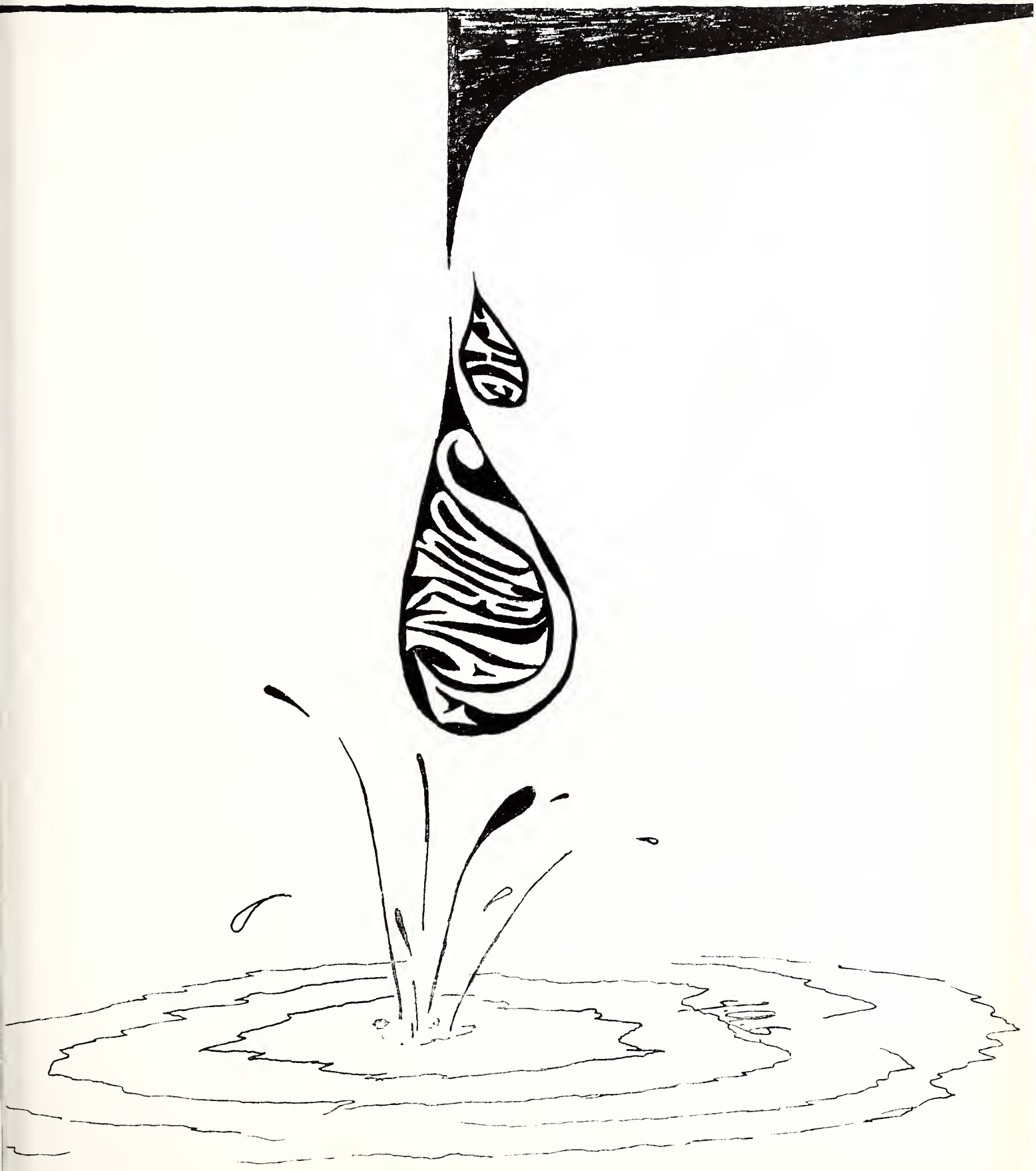
---Shelley

MARCH, 1969



THE JOURNAL
OF WOFFORD COLLEGE

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As I Knew Them

(Third in a series)

I did not like him the first three or four years I was at Wofford. I was only 24 and inclined to be impatient with the old. He was over 60 and inclined occasionally, though not often, to be impatient with young and pushy instructors who were prepared to make over his world.

And yet before he died, I came to understand, to respect, to admire, and even to love the man. In a sense this is not the story of Dean DuPre in the class room, but the story of Dean DuPre in the office of Dean of the College, Dean of Students, Registrar, and full-time teacher (and he filled all these offices with distinction). In a sense too this is the story of my personal search for the truth about A. Mason Dupre.

John Steinbeck in one of his better stories has a character say to another, "Truth is a hard deer to hunt." It was particularly difficult because I first had to disassociate the man from the outmoded rules he had to enforce as Dean. I was quite prone in those days to identify the man with the rules. The rules were foolish; therefore the man was, if not foolish, a sort of misguided Mid-Victorian who was not up with the times.

In 1928, when I first came to Wofford as a young instructor with my bride of

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two days, I saw him as a stern-faced Puritan concerned with enforcing outmoded petty rules and regulations. He seemed to me to be a jot and tittler who saw himself as God's right hand, smiting, hip and thigh, smokers, dancers, drinkers, pool sharks, class cutters, and leavers of town without his permission.

It seemed to me silly to have a rule against dancing when every alumni chapter of every social fraternity held dances every year. It seemed silly to have a rule against smoking in the Main Building except in professors' offices. It seemed to me silly to have a rule that a student could not come late to class without permission of the Dean. And in particular it seemed to me silly to have a rule that one could not leave town without the dean's permission.

The stories that follow are a few of the scores I could tell that seem to me to show the true nature of the man. Some of them have been told before, some of them have never appeared in print, all of them are true.

I suppose the most famous story had to do with a tall, broad-shouldered student named Carlos _____. He was a junior pre-ministerial student at the time—a year or two after I arrived on the campus. It is a story of his violating the rule against leaving town without the Dean's permission. I heard the full account years later, first from the Dean and then from Carlos himself. We will let the Dean speak first. He and I were sitting on the campus on one of the wooden benches some years after he had resigned and after we had become good friends. He told the story with that sense of humor about himself that few great men have.

"I had spent Saturday night in Greenville with relatives," he said, "and went to the Men's class at Buncombe Street Methodist Church the next morning. I was a little late and the room was full, but I saw Carlos out of the corner of my eye sitting over at the other end of the room. But I wasn't going to see him," he chuckled. "He hadn't gotten permission to leave town. But then the president of the class asked each visitor to stand up, introduce himself and tell where he was from. He called on me first. And I said, 'A. Mason DuPre from Wofford.' Then he looked at Carlos and I saw that long, lanky frame rise slowly and say, 'Carlos G_____, *formerly* of Wofford.' Well, the fat was in the fire. The next day I had to call him in and suspend him for two weeks."

Many years later, after the Dean's death, Carlos and I were sitting in the Canteen and the conversation got around to Dean DuPre and his many virtues. I told him the version I had heard, and Carlos said, "That's only part of it. I'm going to tell you something he made me promise never to tell till after his death. And I have kept my word. The truth is I argued against the sentence. I told him most of the boys broke the rule anyway and it wasn't fair. All he said was, 'Carlos, you broke the rule and you know I've got to send you home.' And he sent me home for two weeks. I was mad. But when I got back he called me into his office and said, 'Carlos, I'm going to break the rule, but before I do, you've got to promise me you won't tell anybody till after I'm gone.' I promised and he handed me a dozen slips of paper and said, 'When you get ready to leave town again, write your name on one of these slips of paper, tell me where you are going and when you are going to be back, and drop it in the slot in the door of my office.' "

I might add that when Carlos' younger brother came to Wofford he gave him just one piece of advice, "Don't you ever leave town without the Dean's permission." Both men told the story with affection for the other. The Dean had a way of turning anger into affection and love, a gift given to few men, great or small.

The Dean's passionate devotion to duty, to rules and regulations, was tempered by an essential decency that made him able to admit error. This is another quality that I have rarely seen in people of high position. I think I first began to love the man because of an incident involving one of my classes in English. It is a story of a misunderstanding we had, growing out of impatience on his part and my own resulting rather violent anger. In this story one can see why so many hundreds of students came to love the stern-faced Puritan, keeper of outmoded rules. When I first read Kafka's "In the Penal Colony," I thought of the Dean as a little like the keeper of the outmoded machine that was always breaking down. And like the sociologist who tells the story, I often wonder if the old man wasn't partly right after all in his devotion to duty.

I had been teaching English four or five years at the time. We were having spring examinations. My Sophomore English examination was to be held in Dr. Clinckscales' room, now 225. I was a little late and some prankster (there were pranksters in those days too!) had locked us out of the room.

In great vexation of spirit I told the students to stay in the hall and be quiet while I went for a key. "Don't leave," I commanded. One of the students, a member of the Glee Club and later an editor of the *Journal*, led the students in humming softly the Alma Mater, "to keep them quiet," he later told me.

The Dean, however, hearing the noise, went up the steps and ordered the students to go outside, where I saw them a few minutes later. I was furious, full of the uncertain authority of the young instructor. "I told you to stay in the hall," I said. "The Dean told us to come out here," one of the students replied.

I immediately transferred my indignation to the Dean, carried it with me into the classroom, where I nursed it for three hours, and then took it home to my wife and young daughter at the dinner table. Finally, in high dudgeon, I slammed my folk on the table, rose, and said, "I'm going over and have it out with him." "Well, don't lose your temper," my wife said. "I've already lost it," I replied as I slammed the front door.

I walked across the campus and knocked peremptorily on the office door. A deep voice from inside said, "Come in." I opened the door, he saw who it was, and was out of his chair and half way across the room, hand extended, before I could frame the coldly polite first sentence I had planned preparatory to

"having it out" with him. He could move swiftly on occasion, though his normal pace was a slow, unhurried, dignified walk.

"I'm glad you came over, Coates," he said. "I was just getting ready to call you and ———"

"About that examination this morning," I broke in.

"I understand now," he replied. "One of the students told me about the key. I'm sorry I was hasty and didn't wait for an explanation."

All the anger went out of me. I think it was at this point that I began to love the man. It is hard to be angry at someone you love, though I must confess we often disagreed after that, but never in anger I think.

When he resigned as Dean, Professor Raymond Bourne and others arranged a dinner at the Franklin Hotel, the major purpose being to give him a watch from the faculty. Engraved on the back of the watch were the words "There were giants in those days." As a younger member of the faculty who was not a Wofford man, I was asked to make one of the five or six five-minute talks. Something I said touched him. It may have been my light remark that he was a true democrat, for when he presided at Chapel and there was a visiting speaker, he would always introduce him after Chapel to the nearest Faculty member, even though he was, like me, a lowly instructor making two thousand dollars a year. And he would introduce the instructor as though he were a full professor with a Ph. D. making three thousand dollars and living on the campus in a free house. Or it may have been the ending of the talk when I paraphrased Browning and said, "Grow old along with us the best is yet to be." At any rate, it was so for me, for it was the beginning of many long talks in the Library on Sunday afternoons (he was an omniverous reader of all kinds of books and magazines), or on the campus, where on occasion I found him looking up at the big poplar when it was in bloom or the gingko tree when it was in yellow leaf in the fall.

He used to boast, with a twinkle in his eye, that he had "taught" every subject at Wofford at one time or another. I never doubted him for he was the first to volunteer to hold a class if someone were sick.

Once when he was convalescing in the hospital from one of his heart attacks and I made one of my infrequent visits to see him he said to me, "Kenneth [he had begun to call me by my first name shortly after his retirement as Dean], do you know what I do to pass the time? They won't let me read and they won't let me talk much or have many visitors. So I recite poetry that I memorized when I was a student."

This did not surprise me, for I had once heard him read Wordsworth's "Michael," one of his favorites, to Central Church's Men's class. He read it quietly and conversationally—the way that poem ought to be read. It was a moving experience for me.

I do not know what reason he gave the trustees when they finally accepted his resignation as Dean (he continued to teach for a number of years after that). I doubt that he gave the real reason. As he grew older, I think it became increasingly difficult for him to punish the "Lukes" at Wofford. His wife told my wife once that after one of the many difficult discipline cases he would roll and tumble most of the night, and if he did go to sleep he would groan in his sleep as though in pain.

I said earlier that he was a little like the keeper of the old machine in Kafka's "In the Penal Colony." I think I like another comparison better. Like Abraham Davenport in Whittier's poem, A. Mason Dupre nearly always heard and responded "Adsum" to the imperious call of that "stern daughter of the voice of God"—Duty. To most, this was the source of his greatness.

Much as I admired that quality in him, there was something else about the man that made me love him. He was never too busy to do little things for little people and to do them modestly and gladly. Let me conclude, therefore, this all-too-short profile with a very personal story that is full of humor, a quality he had in abundance, though many did not know it.

He had heard, from his wife I suspect, that my seven-year-old daughter wanted a cat. And so he shut up in his kitchen a solid black alley cat that had "taken up" with him. He brought her across the campus in a big pasteboard box. "Here's a cat for you, Agnes Hope," he said. "She's a little scared now. I believe I'd shut her up in the kitchen for two or three days till she gets used to you." Then my wife saw drops of blood on the scratch lines on his hands. "How did that happen?" she asked.

"Oh, she got a little scared when I tried to put her in the box," he said. "But I believe she'll make a good pet. She likes to catch mice too."

He was right. In three days my daughter was holding the cat in her lap. We kept her for many years while she raised generation after generation of offspring, teaching them with strict Puritan cat discipline to listen to the stern voice of cat rectitude. And under the gentle ministrations of a child's affection the wild alley cat became sleek and shiny black and beautiful—an aristocrat among cats.

How many wild alley cats went into the Dean's office frightened and ready to scratch (as I had done once) and came out gentled, only his God knows.

It is enough for me that he helped Life teach me, always a rebel in Academe, that Duty is sometimes quite as important as Freedom, at whose shrine I still do obeisance. ●

—Professor K. D. Coates

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The Laundromat

The machines tumbled round and round. They had yesterday; they will tomorrow. The rinse water drained to the center and flowed to the end of the room. It rolled on, uncaring, unknowing.

At the end of the room was a large table, quite a handy place, a workshop. And here, knowingly, almost tenderly, the middle-aged woman folded clothes with precision. She was good; she had done this before. Her concentration was intense; this was a job that must be done. She did not speak, nor turn from her task; she did her duty.

Seated near by, a younger lady stared into space, her duty done. She broke her solemn silence only once, a word to a novice at this game. The cigarette smoke curled upward. She did not seem to enjoy it, but it occupied her hands.

The cigarette smoke was mingled with that of a huge cigar, big and round in the middle. It resembled its master. The cigar need not worry, it had a beginning and an end. The master occupied himself with the crucial task of staring through the glass window as the machine went round and round. His whole life, his very being, seemed engrossed with the machine. Machines are not the only things that tumble round and round.

Not far from the man so fascinated by a revolving piece of metal was a woman with her daughter. The woman's hair showed the marks of a master beautician's handiwork. Every hair was in place, but the hair spray was what forced it to conform; the hair had no choice. The daughter was lively, happy, contented, a stark contrast to her surroundings. She had a "sugar daddy" and could swing on the coin levers of the machines; what more could she want? She was free and happy; the hair spray had not reached her yet.

If the sprightly girl with golden hair brought memories to the bluish-haired old lady with a long skirt, she bore up well. She trudged from machine to machine with intense concentration. When she was young, such fabulous machines were not available. What a manifest change had come to her life! what meaning the machine brought! how marvelous is progress! She shuffled over to what appeared to be her husband, maybe once a lover, and demanded, "Give me a nickel."

Maybe the interruption was a blessing, for the elderly man had been in a trance. He gave up the nickel and returned to his thoughts—well, returned to his void—; for, if expressions yield insight, he was devoid of thought, suspended in a state of total inadvertence. He was oblivious to the world, his wife, the machines.

These were not the "best people"; their clothing was not expensive; they would not have been welcome at the country club. They were certainly poverty-stricken, and in a way that overwhelms rich and poor alike: they seemed destitute of spirit, and their lives seemed destitute of meaning. One could only hope that his life would not result in this. And the voice of a youth exclaims, "Yes, I'm going to own my own washing machine!"

And the machines tumble round and round. ●

—Gaines M. Foster

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If sun and moon are of the self-same mold,
Then why is one hot and the other cold;
If twins they were before the first dawn's light,
What miracle, then, gave the sun his might?

Darkness was born in blackness,
Shadows came out of the shade,
The sun stood still on the crest of a hill,
And a mountain of ice 'round it layed.

The moon fell out of the heavens,
Was gilded, and glistened in gold,
And the ice on the hill where the sun had stood still
Reflected the moon and the gold.

The shadows that shaded the hillside
Were pierced by the shimmering rays,
And the ice on the hill where the sun had stood still
Became a fiery blaze.

And the sun hung over the hillcrest,
Absorbing the fiery light;
Thus the ice on the hill where the sun had stood still
Bore daybreak and banished the night.

—FRED RHODES

Tickets punched and lost
Cemeteries of wisdom
Understanding why.

—Lewis Black

Summer noon: a boy
Who is already blond with
Sunlight in his hair.

—Herb Kitson

Teasing ends so quick
Unashamed unto ourselves
Forgetting their ways.

—Lewis Black

You Can't Live In Papa's House

The lights in Papa and Mama Benson's House had been a welcome beacon for trappers trudging through the deep snow. Anyone following the lights through the howling blizzard could always expect a plate of grits and eggs and a place in front of the livingroom fire. But over a period of time, each light in the house flickered momentarily as if gasping for life and then burned out—leaving the house dark.

The snowstorm stopped early this morning as the young campers and the chaperon slept soundly in their cabin. The wind swept snow across the front porch of the old Benson house in a nearby valley. Small mounds of white flakes clustered against the weathered door. Swirls of snow blown through the broken windows had lightly salted the floors of the empty house. Outside, only three naked trees sticking through the snow like popcicle sticks on a sandy beach break the horizon.

"Ha,ha,ha. You'll never catch me," a young girl taunts. From the walking position beside her boyfriend, she darts in front of him.

"Oh, yeah?" He chases after her. Just as she is about to scramble up a nearby ridge, she slips and slides down the mount in front of the young pursuer.

"See? You can't get away from me," he laughs.

She looks up at him, but the early morning sun blinds her. He is still laughing so she scoops up a handful of snow and throws it at him. The icy bombardment splatters on his red woolen coat.

"Now you've asked for it," he says as he falls to his knees and digs his hand into a clump of snow.

"Bill, BILL, DON'T YOU DARE . . ." she is silenced as the dripping snowball is rubbed in her face. Both are laughing.

As Bill plops down in the snow beside her, she tumbles over and stumbles forward as she tries to stand up. First on her hands like a charging bear, and then partially standing, she scampers up the ridge. She stops abruptly.

"Hey, Bill, come here and look."

"What is it? he asks as he stands up and brushes the snow from his coat.

"It's an old house. It looks deserted. Come on up here."

Bill climbs the hill and looks down into the valley. "You wantta go down and look at it, Julie?"

She hesitates. "Do you think we should? The others might get worried if they wake up and find us gone, especially your mama. I think she heard us when we sneaked out this morning. You know how she is when she chaperons."

"Come on. You worry too much."

Bill charges down the hill with Julie slowly tagging behind. By the time she reaches the house Bill has already kicked the snow from the front door and pushed the door open.

"It looks like nobody's lived here for a long time."

Julie looks in over his shoulder. "It's kinda spooky."

The floor creaks as they enter. A cold chill hangs in the air. "You look in there, Julie. I'll check in here."

A trail of footprints on the snowy floor follows Julie into the livingroom. "Hey, Bill, there's a big fireplace in here."

"What did you say?"

"I said come here and look at this big fireplace."

"Wait a second. I found a stack of old newspapers." Bill comes into the livingroom with a handful of yellowed newspapers. "Listen to this. 'Japan Attacks Pearl Harbor—U. S. Declares War.' "

"Yeah, my dad's told me about how he won that war single-handedly." Julie's head is strained as she examines the inside of the fireplace.

"My papa fought in the war, too. He was a captain."

"Bill, you think we could build a fire?"

"Sure, I guess so. I'll go outside and see if I can find some dry wood."

When Bill returns with an armful of twigs and a small board, Julie is bending over the grate with a wadded-up newspaper.

"You're not going to burn those papers, are you?"

Julie looks up surprised. "Sure, why not?"

"I don't know. It doesn't seem right somehow. It's sortta like burning a Bible—all that history."

"Don't be silly, Bill. It's only paper. Here, light it and put those twigs in on top. You think they're dry enough to burn?"

"Sure, I guess so."

Bill stretches out in front of the fire next to Julie. "I guess I was being silly about those old papers. It's just that papa's told me so much about the war and the depression that I feel like I lived through them." He stares into the flames and lapses into silence.

"Bill."

"Hmmm?"

"You know what we were talking about the other day."

"What's that?"

"You know. About when we get

married, you wanted to buy an old farmhouse and fix it up. You know."

"Sure. With a few chickens and a horse grazing in the pasture . . . just like the one papa grew up on. Where we could cut down a spruce for Christmas and have a big log burning in the fire."

"Bill, this place would be perfect."

"You think so?"

"Sure, look over there. We could panel that wall and we could put that big couch we were looking at the other day in the corner. See?"

Bill twists around to watch Julie's finger survey the room. "Before you go making too many plans, you know it'll take a lot of fixing up. The roof probably leaks and we'd have to string an electric cable to the house and that kitchen . . ."

"The kitchen," Julie says as she stands up and disappears out of the room. "Bill, it's perfect. There's enough room in this corner for a washer. We'll need cabinets along this wall. It'll take a lot of work to get this place going, but . . ."

"Speaking of getting going," Bill interrupts as he enters the kitchen, "we'd better. Mama and the other kids are probably out looking for us now."

As they reach the front door, Julie looks back into the empty house. "Don't forget to pull the front door to. We want to leave this place just as we found it."

While they climb the hill, the fire crackles in the livingroom grate of the old structure. A spark from the untended blaze lands on the yellowed paper spread out on the hearth. For a second the paper seems to hold the spark, but the paper quickly turns brown and erupts into flames.

The young couple paused at the top of the hill to look back at the house. The snow which had begun to fall again while they were in the house has now started to tumble out of the sky.

"You know what, Julia?" Bill asks as they turn and start down the hill toward their cabin. "When we get through fixing up that house, it'll be just like it was when it was first built." ●

—Robert Paslay

I Have A Rendezvous With Death

I have a rendezvous with death
When'er I step into my car,
When winter comes with
    icy cold
And snow flakes fall o'er hood and roof.
I have a rendezvous with death
When winter weather comes again.

It may be tires, or battery
Which fails to work at touch of key,
    Which keeps me sitting where I am;
It may be I shall go at length.
I have a rendezvous with death
On the pebbled driveway by my dorm,
    When winter comes with icy cold
    And I see that my car is old.

We know 'twere better to be deep
Ensconced in seats, with battery sure,
    Where charges throb in stable flow,
    Electron nigh to electron, and proton to proton,
    Where ne'er we have to crank an hour . . .
But I've a rendezvous with death
    As eight o'clock rolls 'round again,
When winter's sun lights up the sky,
And I must go to class anew,
  I shall not fail that rendezvous.

—D. F.

Does man grow up or does he stay the boy of childhood past?

Myself, myself the young child cries with everything he does. Is mankind

but a larger child whose toys control his life?

—HENRY FREEMAN

Diary For 1967

* * * *

The two young men sat before the fire with their feet stretched towards it watching the flames over the silver rims of their beer cans. The first one spoke: "The year went by so quickly. I can hardly believe it's been a year since we've seen each other. You mentioned something about the year and a girl when you called from the Esso station. Tell me about it."

The second began: "Picture yourself on the roof of a tall building. There lies the city below. Somewhere there's one just like her, just like me. Together we'll walk down a snowy street, the wind in her hair . .. And there's a song, a song that makes you happy and it's a song of happiness that makes you want to cry. When we're sad there and want to cry, we cry. You don't have to hide because you're a man and sometimes you feel like crying so you cry. Nobody laughs except maybe the clean, fat pigs with dim eyes. There's a great many like him but not here. There's no golden calf out there and if there was I'd see it and laugh and so would she. She's like that. When the wind gets too cold, she puts her hand in my arm and it's spring and the wind is your friend and I smile a little smile at nothing but she knows why and she smiles at me and there is no hunger, no thirst, no cold, and there is content in this person and his soul is music and the strings move and shout to the pig that he is a fool and can't make it much longer and the pig glares but can't deny it. The city, the dream's end, the one love and happiness is waiting right there. I can almost touch it and it calls to me and I'm going toward it and I'm going to make it.

"The people see our street at ngiht and hate it. No people, none of our people, are there. No sounds, none of our sounds, are there to be heard. We are inside crowded together. Somebody has a new song to sing for us. Somebody has a new thought to get out and I'm there and she's there and I don't know who else is there and I don't care but I'm glad they're there and I'm glad I'm there and I'm glad she's there. And tomorrow night she's not there and I feel empty. Some new song remembers her and some new thought projects her image toward my already burning, dimming eyes and my brain screams for me to go after her and hold her and bring her back and I want to and I don't know how, so I see, then, who's around me and I hear the songs and I see my pale, laughing friend (everyone's friend) standing in the snow . . . waiting, waiting, waiting, but I don't go to him and embrace him and ask him to sing his only song because I've heard his song before.

"It's early and it's winter. The sky is grey and your lungs ache in the good morning air and you've got your hands in your friendly old pants and she's back and everything's right and she's on your arm and you feel like her amulet and that's what you want and you hum and share a private song. The words only mean something to you and her and that makes you safe and happy and you wish it was always cold, early morning. You have a tingle in your boots that's telling you you haven't been to bed and that you don't ever want to waste your time in this tight world of yours and hers on sleep and the blind, deaf pig stands in the street and screams 'how does it feel' and you won't even look his way and you just think how glad you are that you aren't him.

"This cold, rainy, sleeting afternoon she bought a paper and we sat close in front of the fire and read about Vietnam and Negroes and murders and crisis and laughed at the world. The world that's so old and still can't handle itself and still sends young men off to get killed so it'll be safe from somebody else who sends out its young men to get killed so it'll be safe and this is sort of sad but I smile again and she smiles cause she knows what I'm smiling at. The government takes your money and says 'now this money is for you to spend when you get old' and I ask her how we can spend it when we're old if we starve to death or freeze to death when we're young and she has a cloudy look in her eye and slowly shakes her head and then I understand and the world doesn't care whether you're black or white or blue or green. It's not going to care much for you whatever your color happens to be at the time. Pretty soon there'll be a sign telling all blue eyed people to sit at the back of the bus and I tell her this and she laughs and I feel good because there is beauty in her laugh and I'm part of it.

"She says that people are silly because they put their values in the wrong place and they march off and fight wars for the wrong reason and, as we sit in front of the warm hearth, we talk together about the things we really believe are the important ones. You know, like she and I being together is one and a walk on a cold street arm in arm with the wind in our face is one and seeing, recognizing, and laughing at the thick pig is one, too. Having fingers to play a guitar and sharing a song we both love. Maybe only you and her know what the song means or you take the song's meaning in a special way—this has value to us. And you think that if the pigs start a war and there's a bomb you could lose her or maybe the one big pig could make you go off to war and leave her and you're suddenly mad and sort of sad and she senses it and moves closer to you and her eyes say she loves you and you just sort of forget the future and your whole world is right there and you suddenly feel warm even if the wind makes your chimney scream.

"You think to yourself how happy you are and you're never really believing that you're ever going to grow any older—wiser, yes, but no older. But you realize that you aren't going to be this happy forever and you hold her

tighter so the moment she's there'll be real and when you walk arm in arm down some pale street in the cold afternoon you find yourself wishing the street you're on went to eternity. You know it doesn't and you feel a little sad and she senses it and she hums your little private song and for a minute you forget your sadness but it'll come back the first chance it gets.

"Early one morning after she's at her place and you're across the street at yours, you think about the ghosts that live in your room. The big chair that stands in the corner is like an old, protective mother wanting to fold you in its arms and hum to you 'til you ease off to sleep. The stained wall's like an old sage that's waiting for you to ask him a question because he has age and he's seen the past. On the table is an old volume of Edgar Allen Poe. Here is the old grandfather who wants to tell some child a strange little story that, far back in its shadowy heart, has a message for you and me and her. And you want to talk in a whisper because this place is your elder and by all means it is much wiser.

"One day you find out you got to go away for maybe two days and you don't want to give up even two small days with her but you tell her you have to go and you kiss her goodbye and you give her hand a little squeeze and maybe your mind is occupied while you're traveling but that night your mind races straight to her and you feel empty again. The next day you rush back to her city, your city, and you beat at her door and suddenly she's there and warmth floods back into your heart and hers and it'll take an awful lot to make you leave again.

"Or One night late and maybe you're playing a little tune waiting for a drowsiness to hit you and there's a knock, just a little tap, at your door and she's there when you only left her a couple of hours before and she says she was just lonesome for you and you feel warm all over and you don't have to talk. You just sit and watch the fire together, that's enough. You aren't two that have to try to talk all the time because then your relationship would be shallow.

"As far as she and I care, ours is the only world. She and I and a few others, some alive and some dead, are the only people and our world is good and secure and most important, we're completely happy and satisfied so it just seems like we've found ourselves. We pity the people living in the rubbish called the Great Society because they can't stand up and say the same for themselves and soon all the fat, thick, weak-eyed, weak-stomached, socially acceptable, moralistic, fighting pigs will die. We won't. A hundred years from now she and I will walk in the cold morning or the pale afternoon down a snow-filled street and hum our private tunes and we won't have to shout to the world for it to know we're happy. (The beer has turned warm in the cans and two sets of eyes are glowing in the firelight.)
And she died three months ago, tonight." ●

—*William H. Sapp*

Mom

The boy looks through the
Hole where the door knob
Used to be and
Sees him coming
Up the stairs—
Like he's seen before.
"Lord knows—
No money,"
The woman says,
"Can't feed my chillon,
Aint got no food—
What is I gonna do?"
"Here's ten," he says,
And in he goes
To sleep with Mom
As the children
Watch Bonanza.

—HENRY FREEMAN

Real Sadness

a strange kind of wind
blew today, and down fell the
first brown maple leaf.

looking through a window pane,
i saw leaves falling, yellow and brown,
and you weren't there.

a street, empty and cold; dried-up
leaves scrape across
the concrete.

—HERB KITSON

New Moon:

can i fly in silence
in your light?
or must i seek a hidden
valley for refuge?

—THOMAS F. MORRISON

May

(a villanelle)

I saw my love by light of day;
    Her hair had billowed in the breeze;
She was as fair as fairest May.

There is no sight more dear today,
    More dear than that down by the trees;
I saw my love by light of day.

Some people say she has a way
    Of blushing when you see her knees.
She was as fair as fairest May.

I know she did not blush today,
    When I beheld her lovely knees.
I saw my love by light of day.

I looked at her and tried to say
    These words I knew were sure to please:
"You are as fair as fairest day."

But before I had a chance to say
    These words that were designed to please,
Her lips shut mine the gentlest way:
She was as fair as fairest day.

—GEORGE BROWN

I think, therefore
I question whether
I could possibly be.
I look into life's mirror and
I see no reflection.
I look at those who
    believe in my fairy-tale and
I see only their pain.
I could exist if
I could change that.
I could live if
I could change that.
I could; if
I could be remedy
    instead of affliction.

—JAMES A. BRANNOCK

To Jean:
Raise your eyes.
Feel the wind on your face.
And know that you are free.
With love in your heart
And a kiss on your lips
Find happiness in the re-
    flections of your mind.

—SAMMY CAMPBELL

An Introspective Poem About People I Have Known And Me

Honest clean Richard sitting hopelessly alone
saying never break a law and picks up the phone
and calls out for bullets for his .30 cal. gun
that he keeps in a bag in his closet.

The crazy king drinker lets us know with a yell
that Freud is a thinker and he'll see you in hell
before he'll let bigots come drink from his well
but he won't sit and eat with a Negro.

King Kong with his arms so marvelously big
does isometrics calls his roommate a pig
Dylan he sees through and opera he digs
and he beats me up 'cause I'm smaller.

Tunnel-visioned tuna he drives down the road
feeling like Montoya and looking like a toad
sticks out his tongue says you're jealous and you goad
and tools off for Converse on his gut strings.

The quiet smiling duo they walk down the hall
one with a skinny and the other with a ball
you never really see them never hear them at all
they've both got some friend in main building.

My freckled-face darling she calls on the phone
wants me to come over says she needs a loan
she wants to use my voice says she likes its tone
to yell at her friends across campus.

The fat bartender his face is so white
keeps pills in his mattress and takes them at night
he breaks down my door and asks for a fight
but I'm asleep and he knows I ain't moving.

His thin-faced roomo so sharp in his vest
listens to the Platters and taps on his chest
he sleeps in the daytime says it is best
and he's never on time for his classes.

The fat stupid loudmouth that lives on the stairs
talks about the army and polishes chairs
he drinks and giggles and talks about bears
and calls up his mama each Sunday.

Clean Richard in the hallway throwing rocks at my
head
he calls me a beatnik and says I should be dead
then heads for the lunchroom and brings back some
bread
so he won't leave his room past eleven.

I'm sitting in my hole wishing I was far away
Cheryl calls me peter pan and I wish she would stay
but she runs through the door and I hear her say
you may be right but I'm dying.

I wish I could write her a letter so dear
that would rearrange her heart and make her mind
clear
but she flattens me down like a week-old beer
and plays piano for the college.

Down in the kitchen in horror lagoon
the pretty dark princess stands with a spoon
and tapping my plate saying come again soon
she sends me out to get nauseous.

Sister Jack with his nose pointed up to the sky
makes painful recognitions and says with a sigh
you just don't belong here so why don't you cry
but I tell him I belong to another.

The old maid I knew once peers at my book
I don't understand says her quizzical look
and whirling around screams what have you took
but I laugh and I say it ain't nothing.

And the guy that he lives with we call him the hog
he's from Tennessee and a synagogue
for a home where he writes in his log
and he'll die without having a lover.

Midnight sings a melody fair
bemoaning her position she combs her black hair
and slipping her coat and taking a chair
she asks me why I don't love her.

Maxine in the alley she talks pretty slow
and believes what I tell her She just don't know
and with eyes wide open she falls in the snow
and looks up at her stained glass window.

My friend she keeps me and chases my woe
puts flowers on my grave and threatens my foe
who glares at her shuffling protectively slow
and slides back into the jungle.

Down in gas bottom I walk with my case
with my eyes in the corners and my feet making haste
with a scarf round my ankles and my head in a vase
I run from the people I'm scared of.

I'd like to see Mary thinking about me
instead of a tuna though worthless I be
and jump on a steamer and head out to sea
and write letters home to the convent.

With faithful indurance I'll write me a song
that will clear me and cheer me and right the wrong
and lift me from the quicksand with silver ice tongs
and spirit me out of the country.

The sun's in the sky much longer than it should
it gives Charlie Sandals more time to seek wood
and raising his arms he pours out the good
that he keeps in a jar in the basement.

I could lock up all that didn't like me
and put out the eyes that don't see like I see
and play my guitar in a sour off-key
and die bored to tears in the vacuum.

Jimmy the priest seems violently ill
he smiles when he sees my guts getting spilled
then he sends for the doctor who's high on a pill
and tells me my pants are electric.

I cannot tell you just how I feel
and I wouldn't even try if I had the will
to make you and fake you and cause you to reel
and agree that I'm feeling quite different.

I wish I could play a harpsichord tune
and cause you dear lady to faint and to swoon
and leave your mind to howl at the moon
and bring your heart down to my place.

Father Bill checks my dresser and under my bed
for pills and for whiskey for they tell me he said
that I'm hiding bad things inside of my head
and everyone's waiting to see them.

Crazy Zero writes letters to me and his wife
he's scared and he's happy and talks about life
and the little short man who carries a knife
and of memories seen in a barroom.

I'd like to see the red berry again
walking in the sand and facing the wind
and taking her hand and asking her when
will she ever shave off her moustache.

I'm glad that I'm missing from dear lady Jane
who hyped me and psyched me and drove me insane
who thought she had me (me and my brain)
but I ducked down a dark street and lost her.

Johanna comes softly as gentle as rain
to ride me on her golden electric train
and holds me quite tender and eases the pain
that I get when I'm feeling so lonely.

Her voice is so silky calling me to travel
my dreams to tell of my thoughts to unravel
and I answer her loudly my voice rough like gravel
that I'd like to write you a poem.

But Johanna can't stay long only one night
her train must keep moving speedy in flight
and dancing cross clouds that are silvery light
and leaving me numb in the backwash.

Annie my boss flirts with me night and day
I'm receptive and reach out but she backs away
she takes off her dress I look and I say
I'm sorry I didn't know you were pregnant.

My first great love was a horrible bust
too much consideration and not enough lust
now my memories are gathering dust
and I've packed them away in my closet.

I'm fearful of nurses they give me a chill
with foolish mistakes they pain and they kill
and wonder in passing if the corpse left a will
and then they shoot craps for his wristwatch.

I love a good song, a poem romantic
I love a dark beauty of background Semitic
but my language is stifled by a headache terrific
so I can't get my thoughts to flow smoothely.

I wish to find a place in which I can live
and do what I want and possibly give
kind words and thought to a girl who could weave
it all into colorful fabric.

I do want to leave to move on away
from South Carolina and people who say
if you're going to be different you're going to pay
a small fee that's comprised of long suffering.

—*William H. Sapp*

Loneliness

Faces—
Like frozen masks surround me—
My inner soul yearns audience.
Facades—
Life is reality in words not spoken.
My mouth knows not my heart.
Loneliness—
To whom do I turn? My fellow man?
No. His ears, like mine, are clogged
with self.
Is there a God?

—Jimmy Cooper

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Winter's white moon still
Comes no closer to the flame
Cold and seeking moth.

—Lewis Black

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Heavy, gray rain clouds:
A train comes; its whistle-blast
Also crushes one.

—Herb Kitson

Time, I Ask You

Time, Oh Time, Where are You?
Oh precious giver, Oh merciless taker—
Why not stop, or even slow down?

But no—not this for king or pauper,
lord or serf, learned or ignorant—
All are equal in Thine eyes,
As the sun rises and sets on a far horizon,
So life begins and then must end—
For some fulfilled—for others as
a cloud censors sunlight at high noon.

Old men turn gray, they slow with passing day,
They age with You, but why not You with them?

Time, Oh Time, I search for You,
But here You are, and now You are gone,
But You are here again, I have You but lose You!

—John Mauldin

Chuck At The Gate

Charles walked up to the great steel bars.
(He had been misinformed about their being pearly.)
He rang the doorbell (it played"Laura's Theme")
and Saint Peter looked out.
He frowned on the man and Charles' heart stopped
(for the second time in a very few minutes).
Peter bellowed out (his voice angry, yet kind),
"You missed the whole point, Charles.
God created Man! You took it the wrong way.
It was the apes and 'lower' animals
who evolved from **homo.**
(I've always doubted that he was a **sapiens**.)"
"What you say is logical—now that I . . . think."
"It doesn't matter, Charles.
Come on in."

—JAMES A. BRANNOCK

Echo

In the afternoon sun,
in an afternoon room,
the wall was punctuated
by quiet little sun eyes.

The blinds were pulled
and every thing became a shadow
in the quiet little doze
that followed me about:

Only the sun eyes knew
why I shut the blinds.

—THOMAS F. MORRISON

Age

Old man,
Burly hands and grizzled hair,
Sitting in candle-lit darkness
While storm-angry clouds devour the earth,
Are you peace? hope? despair?

Young man,
Why do you despise him so?
Is not his life also your affair?
Perhaps he knows God more than you.
His hands are clasped in prayer.

—JIMMY COOPER

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Love?

Drunk with the incense of the sweating roses,
Entangled in the soily lap, of the earth,
We thighed, you and I.
You confirmed my swift doubting heart
By confessing your love, rotely.
But I should have fathomed then
The depth of your affection.
Because your love for me
Was nothing but a shallow cup
That you consumed in a single draught, lust lipped.
Roaring on the jagged shores of your rejection,
The seas of my love ebbed.
However, when the moon of my forgetfulness blooms again
I will possess your memory in a manner not lack-loving.

—ALAN JOHNS

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Eyes of a blindness
Seeking home its lonely pain
Tortures those who see.

—LEWIS BLACK

The Jungle

Lurking, the wild beast
crouched in the jungle grass,
ready to pounce upon his prey.
Down wind he was, and without a thought
he struck a paw across the silent hide.
And the silent hide silently
oozed forth the guts that would now
claim another master.
But never did the wild beast
suspect his unwilling role,
neither that of the warm body
laid upon the hot ground
beneath his claws.

Undisturbed,
the silent bones
waited
until the scavengers had had their fill,
until the sun had taken all the rest
to be washed away with the rain.
And there they stood
and waited, attentive and still,
for somehing . . .

—THOMAS F. MORRISON

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Conversation Between Two Minor Poets During Their Journey Down The River Styx

"Do you feel that anyone is qualified to say whether a poem is good or bad?"

"What do you mean? I have many ideas as to what makes a poem good or bad."

"Yes, but don't you see? You have opinions about what is good or bad. You can say what you THINK is good or bad. I think that a poem has different merit, different value for each individual. It might be a perfectly meaningless poem to you, and be the 'one great truth' to me. I think no one person has the perception to judge a work of art for everybody else. These critics are such pompous asses."

"Are you saying all this because you think I didn't like the song you just played for me? I liked it. I think you write good stuff."

"No, forget that I try to write. I mean, I've come to think that I don't even have the right to state that Edgar Guest is a waste."

"Let's don't get that liberal! We both know that Guest's stuff stinks."

"That's what I'm saying. You and I think his poems are maudlin, but there's some little, old lady sitting in East Jesus, Somewhere that thinks he's better than Shakespeare and, man, she's never heard of T. S. Eliot."

"You've probably put your finger on what all writers, painters, and fifth rate actors hide behind. Really, it's what anybody goes by to stay alive; knowing they're okay no matter what everybody else might think."

"Right. That's all I was trying to say."

"It's weird, though. I mean, criticism helps to refine things. All criticism isn't purely destructive. Don't you believe that?"

"Of course, but what I'm getting at is that what right has anybody, no matter HOW smart or powerful, to make a monumental decision that's going to affect someone else? Isn't everything relative? Well, isn't it?"

"I'm with you, pal, but just try to tell it to this cat driving the boat. I doubt if he'd be overly receptive to it. We're slowing down. We must be there." ●

—WILLIAM H. SAPP

Once Upon A Time

I sit here watching the clouds scurry across the sky,
wondering what you meant by that look in your eye.
I let my mind wander and drift like the grey patches.
What do you want from me? A ticket to happyness? A passport to the land of make-believe?
Whatever it is you will have to find it yourself;
I can only show you the right fork to take at the yellow brick road.

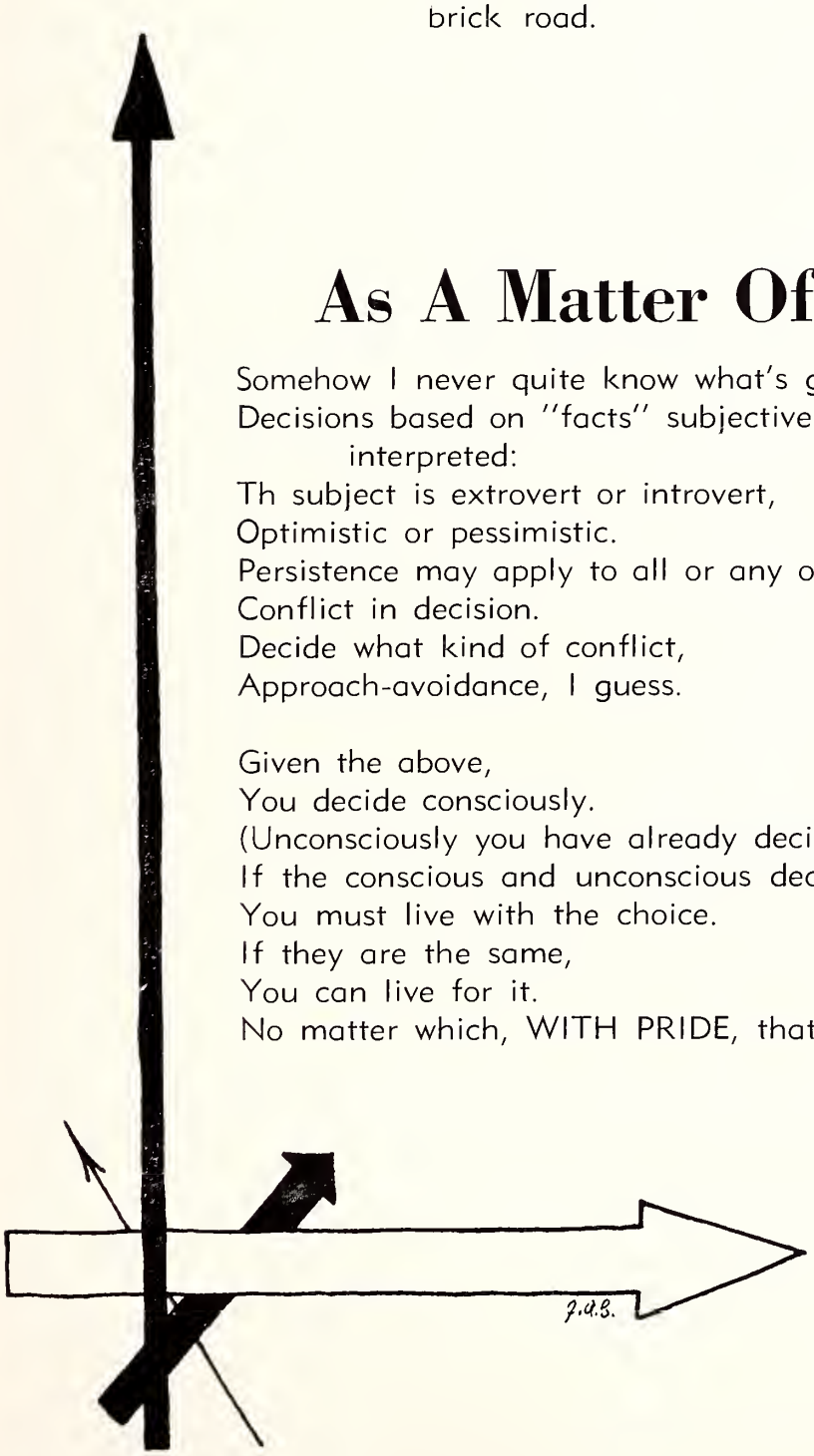
—DEXTER A. CLEVELAND

As A Matter Of Fact

Somehow I never quite know what's going on—
Decisions based on "facts" subjectively observed and
interpreted:
Th subject is extrovert or introvert,
Optimistic or pessimistic.
Persistence may apply to all or any or none.
Conflict in decision.
Decide what kind of conflict,
Approach-avoidance, I guess.

Given the above,
You decide consciously.
(Unconsciously you have already decided.)
If the conscious and unconscious decisions are different,
You must live with the choice.
If they are the same,
You can live for it.
No matter which, WITH PRIDE, that life is forever.

—DON WILDMAN



Yawning sun spills us
Into awful blackened space.
Stars are all our love.

—Lewis Black

Black umbrellas draw
Death until the thirsty moon
Swallows; no more rain.

—Lewis Black

Razor sharp to cut
Only dares approach me here
Assured that I bleed.

—Lewis Black

From Thoughts Of Linda

I once hated change.
Now, I feel that I am constantly changing.
I am not the same person today that I was yesterday;
Nor will I be the same tomorrow that I am today.
My life is a continuum of existence in search of being.
And if reality is accepted in its essence,
It must be acknowledged that reality is itself a continuum
of change.
Therefore, recognize me for what I was yesterday,
Accept me today for what I am,
Be apprehensive of what I may become tomorrow:
To exist is to change.

—SAMMY CAMPBELL

When the day is down and night falls due,
the failing sun is blood red in hue.
He makes the grave his restless bed
and stirs the souls of the seething dead,
and spirit maws with vile upcast
are born anew to wail in their past
in shapes of ice and shimmering glass.
While those steeped in blackness, who know the way
Of Satan and his demonic play,
are wise in hiding till dawn of day.

—FRED RHODES

Turning now achieves
All that nimble fortune finds
Exchanging itself.

—Lewis Black

If I stumble blind
Fall with wonder and with fear
Earth will catch me safe.

—Lewis Black

On the bosom of
The pond the full moon lies: she
Loves it, but not me.

—Herb Kitson

How does Melinda
Younger than we ever are
Lead us and we go?

—Lewis Black

To Thoreau

The deep sweet stillness of a spring night
Is broken only by the pulsating throb of
Ocean's great heart.
In a seacoast town where the
Scent of the sea fills the lungs
With an indescribable pungency,
All nature is at peace with man
Save for the sunless skies whose
Other lights,
The myriad stars, reflect the
Static power of periodic lightning bursts
Unaccompanied by its relative, Thunder.
A gentle breeze stirs,
And a thousand leaves dance to the silent
music.
Gentle grass beneath the unclad feet invite the
restless to sit down.
And lying there, among a million living things,
the thought of Death comes,
Along with Fear and Dread,
But all at once is stilled
By the mellow tones of the mourning dove,
Whose sorrowful strains lift the migrant heart
To the giddy heights of life . . .
And a glimpse of death is past
And a glimpse of life begun.

—ANONYMOUS

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The rain falls gently upon the panes,
Distorting the outside world with liquid lens
That carelessly flow down the cold and senseless glass;
While, within the darkness of a marantic mind,
I search among the ruins of faded visions and fallen dreams,
Seeking, once more, your smiling eyes.
Clouds of Confusion engulf my spirits, as I reach out,
Only to touch the darkness.

The soft mesh of golden hair pressed against my face;
The gently breathing of warmest breath, whispering love;
The tender touch of impassioned flesh in innocent embrace;
These live on, imprisoned in the crumbling chambers
Of a joyless heart.
Memories alone can I call my own as life,
And love and God grow pale before me.
I sit alone with the sound of the rain
And you could bring the sun.

—JACK HOWLE

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Rats In The Walls

All alone
in a house wind-swept and forlorn,
I hear in the walls,
late at night,
gnawing jaws;
The drafty halls
Echoing to the labors of
The Rats
Busy in the walls near
the cold, stony fireplace,
Offering to me in my bed,
such sleeplessness and dread—
aren't we all brothers in a common bind,
Creatures of a similar kind,
Soon to become dust and join the dead.

—MAX SHARP
DEFIANCE COLLEGE

Silence

Silence, Silence
won't let,
for yet its many virtues,
the mind forget
Its catacombed unravelings,
and nightly, Subterranean travelings,
Clouded from the daily public view,
Cloistered from transactional abuse,
the Mind succumbs to unearthly ghosts,
and nocturnal Hues,
to escape the other World of
disorder and the obtuse.

—MAX SHARP
DEFIANCE COLLEGE

A Walk At Dusk

Under the brooding, gray-lit sky,
Among tin-roofed unpainted shacks,
and dogs yelping in backyards,
I hurry along,
down a slanted, meandering street,
on which I don't belong.
And look behind to see
If Anyone is F o l l o w i n g Me,
but only the Firehydrant returns
My backward glance.
My feet walk faster,
marking time,
on a sidewalk littered with broken bricks
until a corner turns itself,
and indistinct wooden stairs
Disappear in ascending pairs,
leaving me on a level, soil shelf,
stumbling among
The Shiny, Silvery, iron threads,
below the spotty red and white
of the City light.
The streaked and sooty City's Face,
looks down its flood-lit church spire Nose at Me
Offering no relief
to my solitude,
And fear,
Nor anymore toward the distant
train Whistle that I hear.

—MAX SHARP
DEFIANCE COLLEGE

Pre-Dawn At The Sea

A very stiff, cool breeze came in off the sea—
Now so hard against your face
That you could taste the salt,
Then so slow and steady that you could hear them
Barter in Le Harve,
Then not at all, so you could hear
Nothing but your thoughts.
It came in spurts, first from the sea,
Then from the land,
Then from nowhere.
It has varying effects on the same person.

It made you warm inside and made you feel unique.
It made you cold inside and made you feel
So small that you could never hope to cope with life.

There was a very tranquil (almost intangible)
Blue horizon there.
And darkish colored cirrus clouds right above,
Too far up to worry for.
The waves were not so large,
But marched, in order, endlessly in.
The troops fell to, and in they came,
And fell before their foe, the land,
With such regularity and calamity
That you could hear them a mile away.
The half moon high up to the left
Held some darkness till the last
(A last big breath before the sigh).

Then lighter, then lighter . . .
It has varying effcts on the same person.

Man thinks his most at times like this
When all alone in a virgin place
As yet untouched by what his thoughts will someday yield.
You think of all things good and bad
And deep inside it makes you mad that you're of such a race.
You argue with the world's affairs—that you created.
The Rape of Nature.
Yet here when he is thrown into her embrace,
And sucks her bosom she brings out his ultimate capability.
One day I drank the milk of Nature
And today she makes me say,
"I thank dear God that I was there
That so primeval day."

—ARLEN BENNETT

On J. B.'s Bed

(I don't know what is real. I can touch what I feel. And I hide behind the shield of my illusion.—P. SIMON)

one night he sat down on the bed next to me
(I had gone to his room for a short visit)
and showed me a picture of a Lincoln Continental
in a magazine he had
he told me that he wanted to be a lawyer someday
and that he hoped that he would make enough money to have
a nice car like that

we talked for a while
and then I told him what had happened
this morning in a certain class

the professor came in
called the roll
and having forgotten a book went
to his office to get it
while he was gone moreover a certain boy
(an honor student—dean's list every semester)
went over and jumped out the window
and ran like hell back to his room in Shipp Hall
the professor returned but
(it was a large class)
didn't miss him

we both laughed
and then we talked some more
he told me about a job he had during the summer
working as a bag-boy at the A and P
and I told him how I spent the summer
doing nothing at all
and how I came one day
having gotten bored with doing nothing
to Spartanburg
where I sat on the curb
behind J. C. Penny's
and watched people and cars going up and down the street
and having a memo book in my back pocket
and a Bic pen in my shirt pocket
tried to write a little poetry.

—HERB KITSON

Stained Glass Windows

My life,
A crimson teardrop,
Once cherished,
Lost now,
But not, perhaps,
Forever.
I live and then
I can't,
For living's more
Than being,
And at this
State, mine
Cannot be above
Indifference.

Bloodstained drops
Are felled by
Creatures of conformed
Material natures,
Who live and grasp
And suck and squeeze
And tear and hurt.
No gain, by tears or
Sensitivity,
And so will never
Enter into
These hearts of
Cold, unvaried nature,
A warmth
Caused by any
Kind of love
That can't result in
Gain.

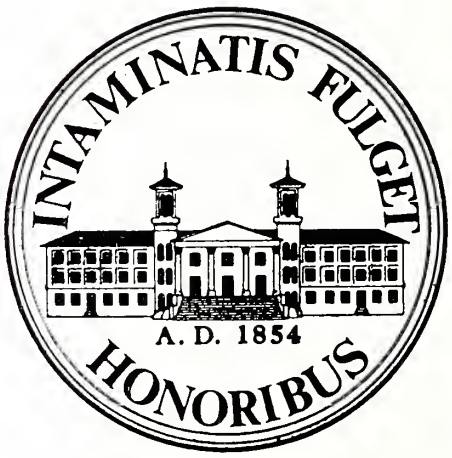
An object of
Their constant push,
I try regression
And am sought
And tortured more;
My glimpse of hope
Is now proSue, But chances are,
Can't win.

And as I run
To dodge these blows
I leave behind
My sixteen tears
Of one soul's sixteen
Lovely years.

—BUREN MARTIN

Before the high doors of excellence the gods have ordained sweat.

—HESOID



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The Faith We Have Not Kept

The horns honk; flaming crosses light the night. Little red flags with blue bars and white stars adorn the sleeves of white silk robes. The hooded men preach a gospel of hate. Large flags of stars and bars unfold in the breeze while "Dixie" is played as the star attraction strides on stage. He preaches hate and fear, of black men, of the federal government, of anarchists. They have all kept the faith; the South will rise again.

But aren't these the same flags that flew over blood drenched battlefields? Is that not the tune that led men to their deaths from sloping Pennsylvania hillsides through the Virginia valleys to the Georgia plains? Brave men, men fighting for what they believed. None the less, men who were fighting for a hopeless cause.

A cause that ended at a small courthouse in Virginia; a dream that died as a graying, erect man road over the little hill to face his men. He cried; he had invested much to the fulfillment of the dream. A dream that was never clearly defined, but now quite plainly ended. The old general atop his faithful grey horse may not have realized it then, but he returned to begin a new dream.

The man of both dreams was Robert E. Lee. The personification of the old dream of chivalry and state loyalty; a founder of the new dream. We may find it hard to forgive Lee for fighting for the Confederacy when he did not believe in slavery or succession. He prayed for the preservation of the Union, but when the break came he had to stand with his beloved Virginia. The times were of conflicting passion; it is hard to forgive Lee, but so it is also to forgive abolitionists who slandered him or Senators bent on punishing the South.

Yet despite his part in the war, Lee must be respected, remembered and revered for his role after the war. For the defeated general of Appomattox was to prove his greatness in the years that followed, as an educator, a leader, a man.

Lee ended his career in the Army encouraging his men to go home, to rebuild the South. He preached the gospel of rebirth to the floundering and destroyed Southern states. "Now, more than at any other time, Virginia and every other state in the South needs us. We must try and, with as little delay as possible, go to work to build up their prosperity."[1] Lee was not one to simply preach; he went to work to do his part. The man who led Southern sons to battle would now lead them to learning.

So that hot September day in 1865, the man who rode from Appomattox defeated in war, rode Traveler once more to do battle to rebuild his prostrate homeland. Lee believed in education. Education for white and black, this will put the South on the road to recovery. He became President of Washington College and attacked the job with the vigor with which he had fought the war.

As well as believing in education, Lee had a passion for justice. He intervened to save a horse thief from lynching. Though not always complimentary about the intelligence or competence of the Negro, Lee felt that the two races would come to adjust their relations "on a basis of mutual kindness and advantage." He had faith in the Southern people to "treat the Negro population with kindness and humanity . . ."

Though willing to work for rebirth, the most valuable of Lee's lessons was that of reconciliation. The fallen rebel had more than enough reason to harbor resentment against his victors. He did not: "I have never cherished toward them (Northerners) bitter or vindicative feelings and have never seen the day when I did not pray for them." Instead of being overwhelmed in defeat, he seemed to sense the necessity of it: "We failed, but in the good providence of God apparent failure often proves a blessing." He sought to "allay passion." This showed up in little ways. He went out of his way to be courteous to Northerners; he saved a little Yankee from attacking Southerners and reproached the assailants. His words ring with wisdom now as then: "It should be the object of all to avoid controversy, to allay passion, give full scope to reason and every kindly feeling. By doing this and encouraging our own citizens to engage in the duties of life with all their heart and mind, with a determination not to be turned aside by thoughts of the past and fears of the future, our country will not only be restored in material prosperity, but will be advanced in science, in virtue, in religion."

Lee had the vision of the "New South." In his small way, by his example, he was the first spokesman of a new dream, a dream that may yet be realized. Lee was by no means a "liberal" nor was he the forerunner of the Dabb's or McGill's. He was a conservative. Lee never felt that his time in the army was wasted. Yet, he was willing to forgive and forget the past; he was anxious to work for the future. He sought a better Virginia, a better South, a better America. He worked for a fuller life for the plantation owner and the backwoods farmer, the white and the black. Lee looked ahead to a time when the South would restore itself and take an active role in the life of the nation; he was a possessor and procreator of a new dream built on the ashes of the old. Today's spokesman for the "New

South," though, sounds considerably different from Lee, and causes us to wonder whether or not we have sought the fulfillment of his dream.

The South has made great strides toward industrialization. Lee's dream of a materially rebuilt South is a reality for most of its people, though even today we are poorer than other sections of the country. We have reached hungrily for the Yankee dollar, but often scorned the hand which gave it. Many areas of the South have an aversion to the outsider, a desire to keep things as they were. Prejudice against Yankees has not been conquered even after a hundred years. The old General's gospel of reconciliation fell on ears that were not ready to forgive and forget.

Nor have we shared the Virginian's passion for justice. The old Confederacy is the home of the Scottsboro trial and the courtroom of *To Kill A Mockingbird*. For generations justice came beneath the southern moon at the end of a rope in some deserted woods. Today the voice of the store owner can still be heard bragging of beating "upity niggers."

Possibly our greatest shortcoming has been in the field of education. Figures on how much less the South spends on her children are myriad. But there is an even greater tragedy in this area. It is an aversion to new, fresh ideas being taught in the schools. When a teacher tries to challenge traditional beliefs, she is castigated by parents. We operate on the misguided assumption that listening to what a man says implies agreement. We are paranoid that our children may reject our way of life and must therefore be shielded from hearing of any other.

Many of these problems manifest themselves in other areas beside the South. Possibly they are worse here because of what Robert Penn Warren calls the "Great Alibi."[2] We have spent a hundred years excusing everything we do by reference to the war. We have yet to forget "Hell no, I'll never forget!"

Must we totally repudiate our heritage? Of course not, we must build upon it. The history of the South as a collective experience is within us. The past is always within the present. This experience has given birth to forces which have been among the many which have molded us. Just as Lexington and Concord are part of the American heritage, so Fort Sumter is part of the Southern heritage. The heritage of farmer-soldiers of the early American battle permeates the thinking of many today; witness the advertising for the national guard. But if Fort Sumter is a part of our heritage, so much more so is Appomattox Court House. The Southern heritage should not be obliterated for no other reason than to remind us what happens when sectionalism and the superficial value of honor are allowed to become rampant. However, other unique experiences exist that should be capitalized on.[3] To accept our heritage does not mean to approve it, to seek to continue it, or to live in or for it; acceptance only involves realization of its existence. After facing this reality, we must evaluate, revise or reject.

Are we doing justice to this heritage when we use "Dixie" as a medium to arouse passion, when we wave the flag on all occasions or to hate blacks? The flag that is so easily flaunted was the cause of 600,000 deaths. It represented a cause that brought tragedy to this nation. "Dixie" and the Confederate flag should not, indeed can not, be destroyed, but neither should they continue to be exploited for sectional passion or emotionalism. This only cheapens "Dixie" and the flag. They should be respected, but only as a costly symbol from the past.

We have not been able to "allay passion." We have not totally succeeded in reconciliation. We have adopted neither a passion for justice nor education. It is ironic that the generations who have so worshipped Lee the general have failed to heed the call to reconciliation and justice of Lee the man. Lee had a faith in the Southerner to quit looking back, quit waving the flag, and try to build a new south spiritually as well as materially. This is the faith we have not kept. ●

—*Gaines M. Foster*

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[1]This and all other quotes from Lee are found in Douglas S. Freeman's *Robert E. Lee*.

[2]This thesis is presented in Warren's *The Legacy of the Civil War*.

[3]Many of these are presented in C. Vann Woodward's essays "The Burden of Southern History" and "The Irony of Southern History."

Today i became a snail
picked up my shell with
multicolored outside and
photo-lined inside residented
myself and withdrew.
If you'd like to come
inside well you can use
my hair for a mat or
you can stand outside and
listen to my music.

—SAPP

To Poe

Mad, you transferred your brain pain to your pen,
Dipping your pen into your heart, sharp honed
Scratching on the parchment with marks of your blood
Scribbling your dreaded desires on your skin;
Lucifer-proud, unable to accept the disdainful
Largesse of Mr. Allen, you huffed away from the
Southern Paradise of West Point, willing to reign in
Literature rather than serve in the Military;
Fearing incest, you conjoined with your child-cousin,
The girl of sunken cheeks, spiderweb hair and
Consumptive lungs, whose very infirmities you cherished
More than the beauty of your divine lined Helen;
Your hackles rising erotically when musing about
Live burial, you celebrated the thrilling agony of
Coffin smothering, the orgasmic thrill of being shackled
To the maggots of death, yet eating life maggots;
Blind men read your rotting rich works, dispensing
Pennies to your dollar deserving pockets, laughing
When you crawled into the womb protection of opium
And sermonizing, compassionless, when you died, gutter smeared.

—ALAN JOHNS
First Place
Helmus Poetry Contest

Wake Up, We're Here

you could see where i was taking you
you could've asked me to drop you off
at the corner
you could see where i was going to
i didn't ask you to follow me
past the corner
you sit there smoking endlessly
you toss your heavy hair furiously
can't you see it wasn't me who
brought you down to this place
i'd have gladly left you standing
at the corner

—WILLIAM H. SAPP

For K.

i am a fallen warrior lying
wounded upon tattered colors
looking with wonder at the chinks
in what i'd thought to be
impenetrable armor

—SAPP

99.44

Streetlight.
A chilly autumn evening.
Thin branches—
reaching!
imploring!
The crunching sound fallen dry leaves make
When they're stepped on.
And shadow-leaf patterns on the door.
Austere trees like years that have passed.

Shadows everywhere
Lie black in the dark grass and on the door.
Night shadows are always deep—
One gets lost in them
As he hesitates on a porch
Woven into other shadows
Returning from a walk
Lost in remembering other autumns
When—like this one—going back indoors.

—HERB KITSON
Third Place
Helmus Poetry Contest

Echo

In the afternoon sun,
in an afternoon room,
the wall was punctuated
by quiet little sun eyes.

The blinds were pulled,
and every thing became a shadow
in the quiet little doze
that followed me about.

Only the sun eyes knew
why I shut the blinds,
and the sun eyes blinked
and closed as if in sleep.

—THOMAS F. MORRISON
Second Place
Helmus Poetry Contest

Custozza

Spend the night:
fly to hell
sink to heaven
travel in perfection
human moralities
travel in orgasms
human maximum
children of lust.

—RICHARD SOTELO

Hubert

hubert a salvation army captain (ret)
smokes and drinks old demon when in secret
he introduces me to his wife (she dances
topless at the old folk's home and smells
faintly of polident)
hubert tells me how his whole company
except himself was trapped and killed at
little big horn
by a shriner motorcycle hejaz brigade
just before the crippled children's parade

—WILLIAM H. SAPP

Pass And Review

Coming from concert
and society affair,
(at which I sipped punch and
made appropriate conversation)
I passed a bum;
(or maybe he passed me)
By the definition,
a decrepit hulk of
wasted manhood,
(or maybe it was just a boy;
his collar turned up . . . I
could only see eyes.)
Black . . . I think—
He couldn't be white;
But still—I could only see
eyes.

He passed in silence
(or maybe I passed him)
as one who knew no haste;
nor needed to.
I feared he might speak,
and ask me for
money.
But he didn't;
And even if he had
and I had given;
He would only use it to get drunk—
probably . . . that's the way his
kind live . . . You know?

But still, he spoke not
and merely passed by.
(or did I pass him?)
He turned a corner,
moving away
(His coat was torn in back)
Or . . . was it I who was moving.
Though . . . all motion is relative;
perhaps it is I who moved away—
By standing still!
No . . . he was the one moving,
I was still at the curb.
(I'd been taught never to cross
against a red light).

Again I wondered:
Did he pass me
or . . . did I pass him?
Could he have had the same
thought as I?

Though . . . ridiculous it is to
think a bum would
care!
about such matters.

Problems of time and motion are
for college people
who think about—
things that they . . .
think about.
A bum wouldn't care whether it
was he who passed me
or
I who may have passed him.
He wouldn't care.

If he did, he would probably say that
it was I who passed him.
But—I wouldn't point an accusing finger;
I would judge that we
had passed each other
and
therefore must
share the blame.
(Though what he will do with his share
is beyond me.)

I think I'll pass mine to someone else.
Maybe the next person I pass after
crossing the street . . .
If the light will ever turn green
to let me . . .
pass.

—BILL DAMON

Honorable Mention
Helmus Poetry Contest*

*EDITOR'S COMMENT: Two other poems were designated as honorable mention poems—"Umbra," by Tom Morrison and "The Mobile Man," by Herb Kitson. Morrison's poem "Umbra" may be found in the October issue of this year's JOURNAL.

Window-Shopping

I am looking window-shopping. Buys the world's sellings pays not at all. When beside me she closes lonely spaces warms cold glass air so happier I become.

Looks together and gathering us our noses pressing almost flately. Scares me none an almost friend but they who run the store will say: Oh no she has looked on many years and you have seen so few. No sale can be made.

But they have not ideas of my unseen pieces; they know never all I feel of inner rivers and swelling weakness.

Means so little what I speak but anyhow come words and smiles and oh she is reflecting me and intends for all the same. Now becomes much more a friend and giving free of every instant. Ignoring all the taking outside comes every richest word inside our giving warmth.

For some minutes never touches sighs for all the youth in me. I have had all in the window. Now this person free and near finds no price tag on a boy, finds no wall or window until buying me.

I beginning now return into a warehouse dark and damp closing to her older purchase. The man explains. But she was almost a woman full when you came to life empty.

Eighteen years in dusty scrap-books now discover a book closing ending even before a plot. Pain in turning. I must smile.

She has recorded some of me but what we know confused you. In the window lies remaining all that was unsold before a meeting quite untimed. No salesman dare approach our urgency. The service poor but so delicious if you wait. No, the menu seems to disregard my appetite. I am too young for your wine. Goodby, I won't be back.

Colder windows fog our breath; a sigh for you, a tear for me.

—Lewis Black

The Mobile-Man

(A Prediction)

Man hangs like a coat-hanger mobile-man
suspended on the end of a string
(projected against space like a lonely planet
speeding motionless through the vastness of eternity).
He's blown by breezes—the breath of God—
which waft through the window of heaven,
and he dangles, dancing at His touch.

His God made him and hung him there,
and, pitying his loneliness, made him
a mate, and hung her, too.
But their God soon got tired of them, and
—their strings had already become tangled by an evil breeze—,
with a frown on His face, He pulled them down.

—HERB KITSON

The Intruder

A little blond boy came down the hill that led to the secluded forestal pond. The path sloped sharply at first, then leveled off abruptly as it reached the water, which was thick with weeds and other growth that comes from disuse.

The child, in his dark blue blazer, dark shorts, white shirt, tie and kneesocks, appeared gentlemanly and perfect standing on the shore of the pond silhouetted against the rich green colour of the morass. He had an appearance of artificiality in this greenery, where no one had come for years. The pond was forgotten in a profuse forest having been left to its natural devices long, long ago. The water had a syrupy look that came from what civilization calls neglect. Nature had almost reclaimed this pond and remade it into a once more prolific producer of plants and fish, cypress and worms.

The little blond boy turned and started walking along the shore where no waves broke, nor any current pulled. The temperature was high—the humidity oppressively higher. But the little blond boy was neat and dry.

Leaving deep footprints in the humus that came up to the water's edge, he walked on toward a dilapidated wharf where a half rotten boat was moored. As he approached the wharf, he saw, and looked with disapproval upon, the remnants of a boathouse, nearly rotted into dust, parts of decayed boards of which he could see in the intriguing emerald murkiness and parts of which had come to fall on the shore, looking, for all the effects of time on them, more like particles constructed into fragil artificial designs, than boards eaten away relentlessly by the elements.

The boat, moored to the wharf by a deteriorating rope, looked so constructed in the delicate balance it seemed to maintain between existence and decomposition. Splotched with weak spots in its stern, the boat was half full of water, its submergence being prevented by its proximity to the shore.

Ascending the two squeaky steps to the wharf, the boy became master of the pond and the area surrounding it from this pedestal. The child turned to face the water full, then started walking slowly along the crumbling structure, testing to discern its strength by placing a foot cautiously before him. Since it appeared solid enough to support him, he walked with a swifter pace to the end of the wharf. Here he stood for a few moments, as if he were admiring the scenery. Perhaps he was looking on the face of the water, where the green trees were bounced off the greener water, darkening the whole atmosphere. The image in the water was so clear even small dragonflies and minute horseflies were shown in the water as they were in the air.

The blond child looked down and over the edge of the wharf to the bottom on the shallow water around it and saw some of the forms confined there. He saw worms and fishes, plants and slime, other creepy animal forms that oozed about in their filthy, unfiltered habitat.

The little boy looked up to the darker water of the rest of the pond, to the green trees circumscribing it, to the blue, blue, Geneva blue sky above it where the clouds slouched lazily by in entangled but silent progression.

With a whimpering sigh, he turned round from his vantage point to walk back along the wharf to where the boat was moored. Loosening the rope, he pulled and jerked it until he succeeded in dislodging the boat just as the rope snapped. With his foot, he pushed on the boat's stronger side until it made for the center of the pond. Watching the boat, the boy strolled back to the end of the wharf, where he clasped his hands behind his back and watched the boat advance into deep water, slicing the green with gentle ripples. The brown boat seemed to wreck the continuity of the scene. Responding to the forces of inertia, the boat slowed to almost imperceptible progress, until it stopped in animated suspension as the ripples came up around it causing small quivers on the water as though the boat were being neutralized by some magic beneath the water. After a minute, the boat began to take on more water. As nature permeated the wood, the boat absorbed enough water to carry it under, out of sight of anyone but the fishes, without so much as the typical gurggle usually associated with boat sinkings, and in a moment more there were no traces of its ever having existed. In another moment the ripples it had caused had melted away into nothing and the water was placid once again.

For several minutes the little blond boy stood looking at the place where the boat had submerged. Then he turned toward land and started walking along the wharf. About half way back he noticed a lizard dash from between the planks onto the wharf and remain motionless. He crept cautiously up behind the lizard and, handsome in his clean clothes and shined black shoes, he quickly put his foot on the tail of the animal. As it wiggled and squirmed in an endeavour to escape, the boy grinned, and then he laughed out loud. His laugh touched the trees and came back across the water to him. Then silence again except for activity by unseen birds and frogs. He stomped the lizard, grinding and twisting his shoe. Then he scraped his small oxford against the side of the wharf to clean it. Smiling and breathing heavily, he clasped his hands behind his back and continued to the end of the wharf. He walked off the wharf and retraced his steps to his former position, where he looked round to the pond, his small white fingers still entwined behind his back.

The little blond boy, so polished and pretty, looked so gentlemanly and perfect standing there before the green trees and water and contrasting sky. He turned from the pond and went back up the barely discernible path that had led him here, happy. ●

—A. Delaplaine

The Dead Leaves

The trees bend near us
to hear our whispered love.
Savage and violent
the night passes in pain—
quickly . . . and slowly . . .
and the field's furrows are filled
and furrowed once more.
The dead and colorful leaves
crunch and crumble beneath us;
and more leaves fall to cover us.

(She came, with her cloak
gathered and wrapped about her,
hair strewn in windy levels of love,
and her eyes were dreaming.)

The moon sings a silent song;
the moon's eyes have stars in them,
and her voice echoes until it stops.

(Even though life's radiance be so far away
that every flower wilts for lack of love,
I sing an optimistic song at part of day
as solace for my sore and frosty heart.)

And every once-in-a-while
I lie among the leaves and wait for . . .

I lie at the corner of the path;
and wait for . . .

Shadows move like sands
of the
restless
sea,
AND I AM WAITING FOR . . .
you.

—THOMAS F. MORRISON

To Loneliness

Loneliness, thy realm is an empty place,
Where love reaches out its longing arms
And tries to grasp at a something that isn't there,
A poignant caressing that's lost on the frozen air.
Some words—the noblest—are wasted on the deaf
Ears of nothingness, and the eternal world
Of death is all that comprehends and
Makes a meaningless jabber out of life's
Grandest theme of love.

Why, I'm shouting down a dark,
Endless cavern, where it's so cold that
Words freeze in the air, and fall like glass,
Cracking, tinkling, shattering, breaking
Into meaningless pieces of ice,
Colder than the world's ageless void.

Man lives: he's warm, vibrant, loving,
But how susceptible to the cold!

"I love you! I love you! I love . . .!"
How he's hurt by the icy world!
His love's like a candle flame
Trying to heat a space as vast
As eternity itself.
Man's cry goes forever ringing down
The icy corridors of his painful
Mortal prison.
Down an unending tunnel the anguish of love
Screams, gradually diminishing,
And finally fading into the void,
From whence it came.

—D. F.

Evening Worship

Pious mystic babbler yelling at the moon
Rubbing sweat upon your Woolworth beads
(Would you translate frenzy into rhythm
Like an ancient earth-pounding heathen?)
Coca-Cola quenching your transcendent thirst
Unknown chants occasion to allow these islands still
Slowly panting rest in an anxious sea-flood poised
Pressure soon to wash away your crumbling dikes
Of mud and plastic proportioned stress
Distributed by reason (no less).
Break the borrowed slide rule and resume
Raving asking magic from the moon.
Forsake the paper lies of men, deny your civil cloth
If holy beauty Diana young and old desires your lust
Then greasy windows cleaned display
The ancient truth dissolved in stars
Adrenal language foaming out in volcanic orgasm
Fully aware of the naked embrace you hold
Of a fenced speck the jewel earth.
Forbidding not your unmoved voyage
To a bare and dumb white sphere
Blinking slow in owly silence.
The coyote's howling wisdom
The infant's shrill-teared nipple-seeking moan
Raving all unschooled; this shall belong to you.
With savage humble worship easily overwhelmed
By the watchful love of timeless parents
Desperate search is answered in your unbound ceremony
(Strange to solemn office-prisoned ants) but
Awarded by the sparkling God-soaked blackness you implore;
You are within the pale-gray crowd all colors distinct
Guarded by an uncloaked watchman you ignore.

—LEWIS BLACK

One (1) More Typesmitten Page
or
Why Wild Bears Shun Toilets

It probably seems to most moss-covered foresthoreaunaturalists that our chemefficient stericompulaboratists are out to optimaxiscientize the world. They can rest with woodpureassurance, however; centiscalehypotechniclinology has not yet produced, in saddest factories, satisfactory artiplastificial birds or simulabilated trees, not even in all their amazing embryorgafertile testubators.

Facsimillions of multiprism huerays may bubpopplesinkfroth forth as qualiplex compounds, freeorgs or stabilong (in litmusdecirates), from scrubwhite vacurcomatories; but by God's unIBMgrambudiluted alchemagic, Ma Nature continuesighs wandwaving and wonderweaving HersandHisea, non-chalk diagramiraculations.

Soon the Freefernfoli Age will overgrow all schedulearned, bunsenburned knowledge, and snowglowing earth, wiping gleams of worldwiseparatears away, will meltinsoldierinse all bitter sorrowsobstreaks with quietnecessarily overcoating sinenraging men; this tranquilstillexhilifate, far more than gelatincapsnap sciencehappy sleep, will be a freeGodgift, gained unknownwritingshown long before the Age of Stone and Bronze and Manmetalathes; for it is deepulsecret shared, but never by mortalization dissectanalyzed, neither then nor later nor during our Age of Methodstep and Orderlife, with Truth No. 1056098.

—*Lewis Black*

Buddha's Birth Into The World

A prisoner of royal opulence, Prince Siddartha dwelt in
unprincely curiosity
Over the lot of his subjects who outside his ivory gates lived
in a state
To the Prince unknown.
Playing with his jade-like wife and cherubic child, swimming
in a golden pool,
Dining on jeweled plates, appareled in rubied silk, sniffing
nothing but incense,
Prince Siddartha simply tired.
Challenging the tales of kingdom-wide wealth and joy told him
since childhood
By indulgent parents and teachers, who, having been cancered
by earthly cares
Sought this one pure.
Prince Siddartha slipped through the gaze of listless guards and
found himself
Living in a world of purgatory salted liberally with hell.

—ALAN JOHNS

Winter Sandles

December,
and people walk
with quick brisk steps.
streets are barren
excepting a few lost souls,
wandering,
aimlessly,
darting in and out
from behind warm places,
cold faces
red from icy winds,
which creep around corners.
William Henry Morgan, III, ran
nude
down main street
with a dollar in his hand
and a tie around his neck
stopping to see the matinee:
FAREWELL TO ARMS.
1969,
made the news,
another year,
gone.
with a nationwide celebration,
everyone with clean records,
and hands,
because,
yesterday it's:
last year.

snow,
white and clean,
now falling in January,
easing December tensions,
don't even mention
the past,
it's O.K.,
it's gone,
that was last year,
beggars roam,
the streets,
dressed
in rags
wants a dime
for his time
in the streets,
of your,
city,
asking pity;
"It's nothing new," you say.
it snows,
this hard
here,
in the winter;
is dead,
—frozen stiff—
in rags.

—CHRIS PERRY

Student Elections

Gird up your vests for battle!
Approach the formidable microphone!
And out-bluff your "worthy opponents."
Tell the absent faculty,
The "predisposed" administrators,
And the bored students just what
"Must be done."
Done for how many times?
We vote you in, but they come right behind you.
It "must be done" all over.
When, when was it ever done . . .
Mimeograph the past.
Your ink is duller.
Your ties are wider now and your
Three-piece suits probably more expensive,
But God
How your cries for "relevance"
And "power"
Dribble away into permanent shadow.
Keep my freedom, oppress me a little.
Then you'll know what's relevant.
I change my underwear everyday
And vote for you once a year.

—A. DELAPLAINE

Truly alive within
and without:
Me?
Well . . .
I feel life, with its
naked innocence.

—Chris Perry

Forest-pool-mirror-stillness:
broken only momentarily
by a pebble dropped,
again lies still.

Forest-pool-mirror-stillness:
one drowns looking into
your tree-sky surface
melting onto it
like a tree-shadow.

—Herb Kitson

What I Wrote While Watching Snow

Snow
Blows down from Up There (that's kind
of obvious); it
Knows nothing, cares less, but
Throws itself into the
Abyss of Earth
Unmissed by God or
Surveyor III or
Layers of—spheres.

Snow can't feel (we wouldn't want to over-
Throw the dogma), but maybe
Mystics know what the
Logistics on snowflakes are.
Condensation couldn't be the only
Compensation snow has got for being.

—A. DELAPLAINE

You're Late . . .
The Plane
Took Off
Without You

what a drag it is to wake up
and to find you're only living
peeking in and seeing that
they're all just tolerating
your existence
what a tasteless thing to lie awake
and rummage for an answer
to some question that you've long forgot
and still you go on looking
what a pain it is to realize
that all those smiles are plastic
and those flowers in your scrapbook
artificial
what a shock it is admit it
your clock is broken now accept it
because inside you know it didn't
have to be this way

—WILLIAM H. SAPP

Dewdrop candle flame:
the crystal pool around the
wick is midnight deep.

Semi- sleep: thoughts rise
and sink. A train whistle fades;
The night is crying.

—Herb Kitson

It might be better
to leave "The Infinite"
where it sits,
on the shelf,
And look for a volume
of "Reality."

—Chris Perry

Act I

As it comes,
let it;
come,
flowing
musically
inclinated;
find a note
and ride with it,
you can always get off,
it's getting on
that's hard;
the ever awaits,
one continuation,
passing through,
involved
in
a continuation of
continuations,
blending,
combining,
being born into
an infinity . . .

—CHRIS PERRY

Geoffrey's Stranger

Young Geoffrey lived in the rural South, deep in the country on a plantation, within easy motoring distance of a well-known Southern community.

Now it was Geoffrey's habit in the summertime to walk the mile and a half dirt and clay roads from his house to the nearest paved road, alongside which stood three large post-boxes, each proudly proclaiming in bold black Old English letters the name of a plantation. Of course, here is where the postman would stop at about half past noon each summer day.

Geoffrey usually set off clad in those type boys' shorts with the elastic waistband in time to be able to see the postman drive up in his old Chevrolet, because Geoffrey liked to have his family mail handed him through the window of the old motor. If he looked quickly, he could always catch a glimpse of sheets and sheets of stamps with George Washington's picture on them.

On most days Geoffrey would meet an elderly Turkish tenant at the fork, where one dirt road went to his house and the other to a cluster of tenant homes. But today there was no Turk to meet him, even though Geoffrey sat down to wait on him under a big leafy sycamore. But he did not come walking as he usually did slowly down the dusty hot road, leaning on his stick, his fob dancing rhythmically at the end of a foppishly long chain as he ambled on. Geoffrey soon jumped up and jogged down to the paved road, along a straight orange clay lane, with peanut fields stretching away to a dark green vague line of pine on either side of him.

At the asphalted road, he stopped and looked each way as he had been told to do, but nothing ever came. He crossed the road obliquely towards a dirt road which led to the neighboring plantation house, the rust-red roof of which could be seen in ugly contrast to the small green, shiny leaves of the oaks surrounding it. At the mouth of the road was a full pecan tree, which stood like a sentinel of shade above the level of all the roads at the edge of a broad cotton field. Here is where Geoffrey and his usual companion would sit and talk, waiting for the postman to creep into sight round the high-banked bend of the gently sloping paved road.

Standing under the pecan tree today was a man Geoffrey had never seen before, his wide back turned from the approaching boy as he looked out over the cotton crop to a shanty standing with no apparent road to it, in the very center of the field. The unorthodoxy of this man's dress on such a day immediately impressed upon the boy a sense of awareness. From the top: the familiar white, black-banded, straw hat Geoffrey's father wore was replaced by a dark felt one, with feathers protruding colourfully from a twisted burlap band. On this wide-girded man, his father's white shirt was incomprehensibly fastened at the collar, and a somber, multihued cravate was tied round the man's neck. Over this was draped an unfitted suit of Mississippi-mud colour. This and everything else Geoffrey saw from the edge of the field, as he had slipped down the paved road and come up on the man's flank, so that he had a good view of him, while he himself was obscured by brush from the man's view.

Geoffrey came back and approached properly, and as he did so, the man revolved his corpulent trunk towards him, and seeing him, smiled broadly, stretching a grey moustache most of the width of his fat round face.

"And who are you, my fine young man?" asked the stranger, still affecting his banana-big grin.

"My name is Geoffrey."

"Mon nom est Geoffrey," repeated the man, his grin receding almost to a simper.

"I've never seen you before," Geoffrey prompted.

"And well you might not, lad. I've never been here before." The man made a half-bend downward, placing his palms upon his knee-caps, and continued. "I'll tell you about me if you tell me about you. All right?"

"Sure."

The man turned slowly around, and with one hand on the tree trunk and the other one on his hat, he lowered himself to the base of the tree, and leaned placidly against its firmness, while removing his hat with a satisfied gleam in his eye. The countless leaves of the pecan tree lent their benevolently cool shade to the scene.

Touching the spot next to him, the stranger said, "Now come sit here by me and tell me aobut yourself."

Geoffrey came instantly and eagerly to his knees with his hands on his thighs and said, "But sir, there's nothing to tell. I have come here to fetch the mail. I live here and you don't. It's for you to tell me who you are."

"You're a curious lad," said the man with some understatement, at the same time pulling away an annoying stick from under his seat, "but that also applies to my point of view, reversed. No matter.

"I am Peter Henry Dennison. I am visiting your neighbour for the summer, an old friend of mine. Like you, I have strolled from the house to await the arrival of the mail. Does that tell you who I am young man?"

"But where do you come from, sir?'

"I live in New York, where I hold a posi . . ."

"New York," shouted Geoffrey, jumping exultantly to his feet, then as quickly sitting down next to the man, but closer now. "Oh, Mr. Dennison, I have always wanted to go to New York. Always!"

"And I have always wanted to come to the country," mumbled Dennison. "At any rate, you can call me Doctor, for I have a PhD."

"Yes, sir; but please, sir, tell me about New York. Please."

With that slow, sagely shake of the head the aged are wont to employ to denote the foolishness of youth, the Doctor smiled and said, "Ah, you have your romantic notions, and they are all nothing. Someday, you will see what I tell you now—that they are all useless. There is nothing in New York you cannot find here."

"There's Broadway and the Plaza Hotel. I know of them from my grandmother's magazines."

"But there is no country lane. And you are too young to know what you want. Even if you thought you knew, you could not be sure of it, as you cannot be certain of anything."

"I am sure," said Geoffrey, his politeness being now infused with the obduracy that supplants challenged resolution.

Dennison laughed and said, "My boy, you cannot be sure of anything. For all my years I will tell you this: that I am not sure of anything. So I know you cannot be."

"I am definitely sure of what I want," said Geoffrey, "and isn't it better to be sure of something (or be convinced of it), than to be unsure of everything right?"

"You are ingenuous, my boy. I will not even ask you what you want. First, I will prove something to you. What do you see in the night sky?"

"Stars and the moon."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"I say you do not."

"Sir?"

"I say you do not. You will have heard of light years in your school work by now, and are familiar with some of the fundamental rules suggesting the behavior of light. Now supposing a star is five hundred light years away. The light you see—the light that strikes your eye—is five hundred years old. Now you say you are sure you see a star. What if the star exploded or died? You would not know for five hundred years, until the light stopped, that it was dead. You would say there was a star in the sky where you see the light the star left behind, and when actually there is no star. So you cannot be sure anything is there. These are mere material subjects, and you want to suggest the surety of a thought, of determination. You cannot be sure."

"This is a riddle," said Geoffrey, annoyed, "for I am sure you are sitting here."

"It could be logically argued that I am not, but it is hard for you to understand. I am playing a game with you. Someday you will see."

"Anyway, I still am quite sure of what I wish to do, sir," Geoffrey said.

"I had hoped you would try to understand something of what I said. But there are other ways."

"May I ask why you worry yourself over light years and things like that, sir?"

"It's my business to understand these things, to constantly question, to seek the basis of life," announced the Doctor, quite as a matter of fact.

"If you spend your time doing that, sir, when do you ever get round to doing anything that means something?" asked the boy.

Dennison's harmless smile melted away like a spent wave as his mouth slowly opened and he grew saucer-eyed. "You do not know what you have just said, my boy. My work means everything. I search for the meaning of the Universe and you ask me when do I do something. This is everything!" shouted the Doctor as his two bushy brows formed a caterpillar line beneath his wrinkled forehead.

Geoffrey was immediately apologetic. "I didn't mean for my remarks to be insulting, sir."

Dennison took hold of himself and in half a minute was leaning against the tree composed and once again benignly radiant. "You must pardon me, my boy, for becoming so emotional. You are so . . . so blunt."

"I'm really sorry, sir. I didn't mean to be."

Dennison had extricated an orange handkerchief from one of his pockets and was gently dabbing at his head. "That's all right my dear boy. You'll learn as you get older. Uh, what I mean is, you will be able to play our little game of educational give and take when you are better educated."

"Oh. Sir?"

"What?"

"I was just wondering how you can be sure that what you are doing is 'everything' when I can't be sure of seeing Venus?"

Dennison frowned and sighed. "I will answer you soon. I will tell you that the answer is too complex for you to comprehend right now. But let me ask you what is it you are so sure you want to do when you are old enough?"

"Oh, I want to go to Borneo or to sea or to Africa to work on tropical plantations for some company."

". . . For some company," iterated the Doctor. Then he looked away to the post boxes and mumbled, "I wonder where that postman is."

Geoffrey went on, "Now sir, how can you be sure that . . ."

Dennison ripped his head round abruptly and said, "We are getting into epistemological questions which I suppose you are not old enough or capable enough to understand."

"Oh," said Geoffrey, confounded.

The Doctor began to rise, using the tree to steady himself. He recovered all his former kindliness as he saw an old Chevrolet chug round and up the sloping curve in the road. "Keep your questions, son, and keep on reading *Robinson Crusoe* and the rest. But when you're a freshman in college you'll call Mark Twain, Samuel Langhorn Clemens and the man who wrote *Kidnapped*, R. L. Stevenson, writer."

Geoffrey asked, "What is it you actually do in New York, sir?"

"I am a teacher—at a famous university."

"What do you teach?"

Dennison's eye followed the old motor as it slowly and finally stopped at the boxes.

"Why, my boy, I teach philosophy . . . philosophy." ●

—*A. Delaplaine*

Breaking The News To J. Edgar's Son

Oh where is my father sir
where is he is he here sir
locked in a closet dancing with grief
and down in the cellar disguised as a thief
and under the table stoned with belief
that's where your father is laddy

oh where is my father sir
where is he is he here sir
tossing the waves with a flick of his hand
eating humanity out of a can
watching his wisdom get sifted through sand
that's where the man is my laddy

oh where is my father sir
where is he is he here sir
couched in a basket covered with shame
hiding from slogans engraved on his brain
receiving his pension for going insane
that's where your father is sonny

and who is my father sir
who is he is he you sir
he's the one in the corner reading the times
the one in the darkroom developing rhymes
a collector of useless old torn valentines
and that's who he is my laddy

but who is my father sir
who is he is he you sir
he's the one with his eyes turned inside his head
the one without legs confined to a bed
the responsible one for so many dead
yes that's who your dad is my laddy

and who is his father sir
who is he is he you sir
he's the son of a schism of time and events
child of values set in dollars and cents
don't ask any more if you have any sense
cause that's where you're going my laddy

—WILLIAM H. SAPP

John - John

Sit.
grey with age,
a cracked glass waits
impatiently.
No sounds come forth;
feared syllables
reach out oppressed
by white bands;
The band strikes a note,
another,
and another;
people with down faces,
annoyed with bed
dash here and there
eating music noise
with closed ears,
eyes colored,
painted with lights,
blinking.
Water is everywhere,
a fool sits,
pacing time
patiently
for tomorrow's shelter
inside today;
and the drunk cries
from the gutter,
and the politician
is drunk with power,
and society drinks
from his cup;
Electricians fix some
televisions
with tubes and wires,
knowledge
on the screen,
people on the scene,
comfortable
in rocking chairs
at home,
the President speaks:
"let's have PEACE—
please!"
Back on the streets,
the cars
the people,
the lights,
the streets;
"Why here?"
cries the Indian;
"Why me?"
shouts the Negro;
"Another beer."
argues the drunk;
"Let's see . . ."
replies the government;
dial GOD
for help!
War rests
while the shell
hardens
white and glossy
kept clean
by the militia,
with yokes
of destruction.
Nature has evolved,
painting the world
without emotion,
for man,
as man,
sits.

—CHRIS PERRY

Inertia

Standing on the edge of a lake
feeling the wind ripple
across its surface and the
water lapping against the bank,
I become one with two small boys
fishing with cane poles.
(One night Vic spent the night with me
and we stayed up late gathering worms.
We got up next morning before day-break
and went down to the lake to fish,
knowing that a person's got to be real
quiet to catch fish.)
"Caught any fish?" I ask.
But they reply, "Yes, Sir."

Small boys on the lake bank
getting dirty sitting in the mud:
small boys playing—
catching fish,
letting them almost die,
then throwing them back
to catch again:
i can't fish anymore because God,
the only Truth i know,
has told me that all killing
of life is wrong.

—HERB KITSON

A thought:
. . . and I am waiting
for the
uncertain
certainty
to get off my back.

—Chris Perry

I Heard Something Strange Today

I heard through some people
that you cried this afternoon
and that you cried this afternoon
because of me.
How can that be?
We met quick and good without
obligation, hesitation &
we talked easy, were comfortable
without premeditation, reservation &
we said goodnight without strings.
I took nothing from you but some good
conversation, mild elation &
I gave you nothing but a smile, think awhile &
You've got no cause to cry because
I haven't called again &
You've got no cause to get a little angry.
There's nothing within you that you didn't
have before or that you won't have anymore
PLEASE CLOSE THE DOOR
before you think I can be scheduled like a
train.

—WILLIAM H. SAPP

The New Model

We stand dying; a hard small moon
Freezes the night, holds the trees in silken hoops
Of fear; the stars watch blinking back
Not tears but sleep, watch the wind blowing
Our ashes out through the dark silence.

Calling on the night in a communial seeking for light
We stand burning our lives in unison expecting
No answer from the moon, the stars, the silence;
Even the youngest children know (from a
Detailed study begun in infancy) that
Infinity does not know our names.

—A. CAPERS HUFFMAN
Agnes Scott College

Epiphany

This wind, a scalpel to flay my nerve-ends screaming
To singing air open aching to oh
So blue blue sky, bright storms silently
Against my soul self-bound; Oh! God
Take my soul up within Thy wind-taloned wing's gold,
Tear away keen my flesh until my crystal
Bared breaks the sun into clear-winnowed colors
Thousanded flashing unsensing fragments of joy.

I have no worded prayer to say the light
Shattered here in falling flakes of sun,
That I have seeking found and been, no prayer,
No need to speak; this joy, this wind, this sky,
My whole eye's range, I offer to my God, a meet
Thanksgiving to Love that darkens the mortal sun.

—A. CAPERS HUFFMAN
Agnes Scott College

The Two Trees: A Fable

One day two trees were talking about their forest-home. The first tree—a huge oak with a trunk as thick as an elephant's leg, with leaves as bushy and green as an unkempt field of weeds, and with roots that went as deep as a country well—praised the forest as being extremely comfortable. This grand tree said, "Truly our forest is the best forest in the whole world. We have more than we could ever want. The sun shines on us all; we get enough water from the brook that runs through our home; and we are made to feel useful by the many birds that come to make their nests in our branches. Also, we are not bothered by men with axes, or by the fear of being crushed or crowded out by other trees—we can stretch our limbs and drink in the water and the sunlight God has given us. Not having to worry our leaves about anything, we can really enjoy life in this wonderful forest."

To this, the other tree—a skinny, crooked sapling whose trunk was as thin as a needle, whose leaves were as scarce as are snowflakes in August, and whose roots were so shallow that the tree could not obtain an ample amount of water—replied, "And why shouldn't you love the forest? Trade places with me. Then—when you are so crowded by larger trees than you can hardly see the sun, when you are so despised by the birds that will not even lodge in your branches, when you are so thin as to be easy prey for the woodman's axe, and when you have roots that will not even reach into the cooling stream—tell me how well you love the forest."

—*Herb Kitson*

Fireflies: leaves rustle;
clouds sail across the moon's face
and then drift away.

—Herb Kitson

Stiff, silver branches:
they burn, they burst into bloom:
sunlight strikes the ice.

—Herb Kitson

Blue sky's depth: under
it, a vulture hovering:
below, something has died.

—Herb Kitson

Editor's comment: I have enjoyed being editor of The Journal this year, and would like to thank some people who helped me put the magazine out. I would especially like to thank Professor Coates for his articles and for his allowing me to work with his creative writing class. (If only many of the other professors here showed as much interest in Wofford as Professor Coates does!) Also, I would like to thank some staff members: James Brannock, who served as art editor and who helped with layout; Tommy Leclair, our business manager; and the assistant editors, Charles Smith, Buren Martin, and Richard Ruthven. Thanks also to our big contributors—Tom Morrison, Bill Sapp, Lewis Black, Chris Perry, Alan Johns, and Andrew Delaplaine—and to our readers, some of whom made comments, both favorable and unfavorable. May next year's editor, James Brannock, get the assistance and co-operation that this year's got!

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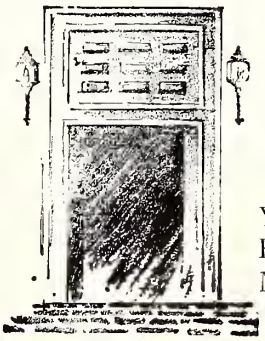

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COMPLETE SERVICE

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MONOGRAMMING ON ANY GARMENT

Artex Cleaners

Discounts To Students

Wake up, sleepy head.
Open your eyes.
Today's light
Shines brighter than you think,
and believe me
it's worth getting up for.

—CHRIS PERRY